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Morning Star



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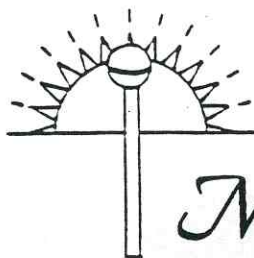
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Morning Star

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MORNING STAR....

...is the name of a medieval weapon, but the term also signifies the awakening freshness and potential of young artists and writers at North Scott. This fourth annual collection of creative student expression joins The Lance, the student newspaper, and The Shield, the yearbook, as productions of the North Scott High School Language Arts Department.



Laurie Cawiezell, '87

Why Brown Cows Make Chocolate Milk

Many years ago, before the city of Hershey, Pennsylvania, there was no chocolate in this land. The people didn't realize what it was, or the yumminess the flavor held.

Now, one day Mr. Smith (everyone was named Smith in those days) came across an unusual looking cow while walking across a pasture.

"My goodness gracious to the great Lord above. What an unusual looking cow!" he exclaimed.

And indeed it was. For this cow was all one color....brown. Not a single other color anywhere else on her body, just a single shade of brown.

"You don't seem to belong to anybody. I'll just take you home with me. You're an unusual looking cow. I'll call you Bessie." (Every cow was named Bessie in those days).

So Mr. Smith took Bessie home to let her feed and sleep as she pleased. Yes, all was well.

The next morning, Mr. Smith went to milk Bessie for a good, wholesome amount of calcium for breakfast. He was merrily whistling as he squirted the milk into his gallon jug.

"Good morning, Bessie. Let's see how much milk you've got for me today."

He looked into his jug to see brown milk filling it up.

"My goodness gracious to the great Lord above, what is going on? This milk can't be rotten - it's fresh-squeezed."

He lifted the jug to his lips and sipped the warm liquid.

"Why, it's milk, but the flavor is unlike anything I've ever tasted. It must be some exotic taste that no one has ever tried. I'll call it chocolate....chocolate milk."

Mr. Smith ran to his house to start figuring profit and when he could start selling his milk.

That is why brown cows make chocolate milk. You say they don't? Well, let me finish my story.

After Mr. Smith finished calculating, he ran back to Bessie to try to milk her again.

As he was milking, along came a cute little rabbit and he watched Mr. Smith milk Bessie. He carried a container with him and with a twitch of his nose the chocolate turned into powder and filled the rabbit's container, leaving Mr. Smith with plain old milk. The rabbit tore off taking his container with him.

"My goodness gracious to the great Lord above, what a quick rabbit."

He sadly dragged himself back to his house, leaving the rabbit to make a fortune from chocolate powder for milk....to make chocolate milk.

To this day, a single-shaded brown cow has yet to be found, leaving the quick rabbit to prosper.

Memories

You said we'd be together
Until the end of time.
I honestly believed that
I could call you mine.

The time we spent with one another
Seemed to pass by fast.
The way you talked, the way I felt,
I was sure that we would last.

The hourless conversations,
The walks along the streets,
The hugs and embraces I'd receive
Every time that we would meet.

You said your word was good,
Your promises you would keep;
Then without warning you left
Leaving me to weep.

You took with you not only
Your love, but mine.
And although my heart is broken,
It will slowly heal in time.

But even though you took all this,
Leaving me alone and blue,
You can't take away the memories
Of the time I spent with you.

Patty Keppy, '88

Young Mother's Death

Trying to be young men as they were,
it seemed so hard to keep
the tears inside.
But father was crying, so the boys knew
it was all right to cry.

Katherine Main, '88

The Winning Game

Three - Two - One - BUZZ!! As I heard the roar of the opposing teams's crowd, I struggled to get my sweaty, exhausted body off the court. I held back my emotion until the locker room. Then I saw a tear fall from the face of my coach, I realized a dream was shattered. We, the Jefferson Wildcats, had lost the State Championship by three points.

Up until this moment we were undefeated. I believed that we were number one since the beginning of the season and the rankings proved it to be true. Our team was definitely physically prepared for the big game but now I wondered if we were mentally prepared. After all the exciting pep rallies we were built up with such confidence and enthusiasm from our supporting fans. We obviously needed to prepare our minds more. If we would have lost a game before, we could have learned how to lose a game and use it to our advantage.

Lying awake in bed going through the game a million times thinking "what if....". I realized I had lost nothing. I could sit and replay the mistakes in my mind over and over again, but nothing would change what I had gained. It was a rare experience of participating on a successful team. I know now that we won as a team, lost as a team, and always will be a team. In this sense, we all came out winners.

Kelly McFate, '88



The First Snow of Winter

I look outside the window
And much to my surprise -
I see tiny, silver flakes
Falling from the sky.

Small miracles from up above
Long and duly awaited -
Now it truly must be winter
For the snow is finally falling.

Stacee LaRue, '88

A Toast to Him

I see him more often now,
 he soothes me,
 he loves me.
No one understands,
 he loves me.
They tell me to leave him,
 how can I?
 he loves me.
He is my lover,
 my life.
He would never hurt me,
 he loves me.
The more I see of him lately,
 there is a feeling that is growing,
 it tingles, maybe burns.
 could it be hate?
Don't be ridiculous.
As I close my eyes, and my body relaxes,
 I hear the familiar sound
 of my bottle hitting the floor.

Celeste Lorenz, '88



Thinking of Spring

I can not wait until once again -
The sun will shine, the birds will sing.
I'll go outside, look into the sky -
And hope that you are there.

The flowers will rise from their long winter nap -
With the buzzing bees close by,
And I'll wonder why -
This time comes only once a year.

Stacee LaRue, '88

Sharp notes and strange harmonies
Reminisce a springtime dream-
I danced for the last child to feel
Its touch, when I began to reel.
Slowly, slid a heavy beat,
Black and sunshine in the heat-
Bloody clouds across the sky,
Summer blossomed with a sigh.
Anxieties that died away,
Live the nighttime, love the day-
One smile, and it was me he told:
Mama, take me
Home sweet home.

Megan Shirman, '90



Questions

So many feelings,
but no thoughts.
Full of emotion,
yet empty.
I feel everything,
but I am numb.
It makes no sense,
but is so logical.
What does love feel like?
Is it a feeling at all?
All the questions in the world,
jumbled in my brain.
The answers are somewhere,
but will I ever find them?
Is he the answer,
or just another question?

Karen Brotherton, '90

We're changing,
You and me and
Him and her.
Finding our identities,
and changing.
Drifting apart
As we seek out ourselves,
And our interests and likes,
As we change.
Sticking to our beliefs
While seeking out others,
To share with new people,
New places, new things.
We'll always be friends,
Always have memories.
But right now we must part;
For we're changing,
You and me and
Him and her.
We're changing....
And sometimes, change is good.

Shellie Littrel, '88



Life Unfair

Does anyone, anywhere,
Ever stop to care.
Life seems so unfair.
Death that gives, sometimes, no warning.
Then comes the mourning.
Some know of life's end, and
They try to make amends.
But in the end,
Life seems so unfair.

Mark Mess, '88

Neighbors.
Across the front lawn,
Out the back door.
Down the street,
Over the stream.
Neighbors.
Out of town,
Over the ridge.
Across the country,
Around the world.
Neighbors.

Ben Auliff, '88



Don't Fall in Love

Don't ever fall in love, my friend,
you see it doesn't say.
Although it causes broken hearts,
it happens every day.
You'll wonder where she is at night.
You'll wonder if she's true.
One moment you'll be happy,
the next one you'll be blue.
And when it starts you don't know why,
you'll worry day and night.
You see, my friend,
I'm losing her.
It never turns out right.
So if you ever fall in love,
you'll hurt before it's through.
You see, my friend,
you ought to know....
I fell in love with you!

Joe O'Rourke, '87



Chad Heggen, '89

Chocolate chip cookies are the best.
But if I eat this one,
I'll never fit into this dress.

Tomorrow morning, I'll step on the scale.
My weight will look like a humpback whale.

Oh dear, oh dear, what should I do?
I know! I'll give this cookie to you!

Ann Newton, '88

Faithfully

I've tried to call you,
 several times,
But you are never home.
Sometimes after I hang up,
I feel so alone.
I really should get over you,
This I know is true.
The only problem is,
I still love you.
I guess I'd better end this now,
So nothing will be said
 needlessly.
If you ever need me,
I want you to know,
I'm still here.
Faithfully.

Michele Manley, '88

HOLSTEIN

The Story of a Groovy Penguin

Most penguins that live in California are a little demented, but Holstein takes the cake. Let me introduce myself. My name is Baxter Aberdeen. I'm, well, I hate to say this but, I'm one of Holstein's best friends. No, let me rephrase that. I'm Holstein's only friend. At least I'm the only one that halfway understands him.

This is his story.

It all started in a place called Chernobyl. Apparently, Holstein had been sent there for studies by Russian scientists. I'm afraid I must interrupt myself and beg you to remember that Holstein told me all of this at an incredibly early hour in the morning. He skipped parts of the story and other parts I slept through. Anyway, Holstein was in Russia when the nuclear plant "sprung a leak", as he so eloquently put it. He told me that he vaguely remembers his past life but he said it was extremely stuffy.

Holstein didn't remember how he escaped from Russia. All that he knows is that he stole Gorbachov's personal limousine and that he is now wanted by the KGB. He said he had to get out because the Russian "madmen" were trying to make him fly. Personally, I don't blame him.

He got to California, somehow. He never told me how he got here. I guess I never asked because I was so astonished with him when I first met him. His appearance would astonish anyone.

The first time that I met him was at a park just outside of Napa Valley. I was peacefully gnawing on a T-bone steak when I was startled by an obnoxious little red MG. It went roaring through the park spraying mud all over me. Of course, you can guess who it was. He circled the park and came to a screeching halt right in front of me, splattering me, once again, with mud.

"Like woe, dude. Are you OK? I can't believe how high that mud flew, man. It's like, wow," he said.

"Well, I think I shall be all right. Are you all right? Don't you know the rules of this park? I say, where did you get that car? You're a penguin. What in Heaven's name are you doing in California?"

"Hey, you're a dog. Did you go to college or something? Where did you, like, get that great accent? Hey man, are you with the KGB? You ask a lot of questions."

As you may have already judged by our first conversation, we are almost as opposite as two beings could be. It's amazing that we were as civil as we were when we first met. I will spare you the description of my first car ride with him. Let's just say it will change your life.....or end it.

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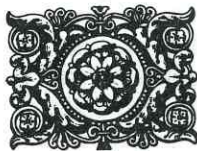
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He and I became friends, and I must inform you that it was more his decision than mine. We have been friends for quite a while. I had to help him clear up his problem with the KGB. It turned out that all they wanted to know was how he got the limousine and where it was when he left Russia.

Holstein has calmed down a little bit. I think it's partly because his red MG is pink now. He ran it through a car wash and the solution was seventy-five percent bleach. Their machines were on the fritz. He was heartbroken for several weeks.

I should like to think that more of his story will be printed in the near future, if I could ever find the rest of it. I have written all of my experiences with Holstein down in my memoirs. I stored them in a box in the basement of Holstein's apartment and now I can't find them anywhere. Holstein has something to do with it. I know. I just wanted to know that someone would know that I wasn't crazy. There is a "groovy" penguin named Holstein who lives in California.

Lori Smith, '88



Summer to Fall

Our time together was like summer to fall.
It flowered so beautifully, then shrunk so small.
One day it was here, I held it so tight.
The next it was gone, and out of my sight.
It was soft and warm, just like the sun,
Then suddenly cold, my dearest one.
The only way it's not the same,
Is summer comes back, and you'll stay away.....

Connie Moore, '89

The feel of the cool breeze against my face felt good. The sound of the skis cutting across the blinding white snow was refreshing to my ears. There was only me speeding down the mountain, challenging it, daring it to beat me.

I was fifteen when I first stepped into a world that would capture my heart. It was a world unlike others, a world of speed, skill, and challenge.

My heart beat rapidly as I waited at the top of the hill for my turn to come. Then as I slowly started down the hill my heart filled with fear, but my mind filled with determination. I was going to succeed. Before I realized what had happened, the skis were gaining speed and I was racing down the hill. Panic covered my face and I fell into the cold, wet snow. Tears stung my eyes. I had failed; the hill had beaten me.

I was too embarrassed and tired to get up. The beauty of the night had disappeared. The stars didn't shine as brightly, the moon seemed to be laughing at me, and the excitement that had been in the air now seemed to be suffocating me. I wished I were invisible.

As I was sitting there, feeling defeated, he stopped beside me. He didn't speak but his eyes encouraged me. They seemed to show understanding. His smile warmed my heart and I returned the gesture. With that he gave a chuckle and went on. I began to feel foolish. What was I afraid of? Others weren't mocking me or staring at me; they were supporting me. If I gave up now it would be accepting defeat.

Brushing the snow off my pants, I stood up and regained my balance. Taking a deep breath, I started down the hill again. Slowly my skis began gaining speed until once again I fell. The night continued with my attempts ending in cold, wet defeat, but each time I felt stronger and better than the time before.

The night was coming to an end and still I hadn't beaten the hill. I glanced at the hill marked Banzi. I wanted to beat that hill. Working my way over to the top of it, I stood staring toward the bottom. There was time for one more run and this was going to be it. Summing up all my courage, I dug my poles deep into the snow and pushed off down the hill. My start was shaky but my determination and concentration kept me from hitting the snow. I was now half way down the hill and going faster than ever before. The cold wind was burning my face but I was warm inside. The further down the hill I was, the more speed I gained. This time the run was different. I wasn't scared and panicky but instead I was feeling the sensation of freedom skiing could give you. The concentration it took paid off for the triumph I felt once I had succeeded. I had done it; I had challenged the hill and won.

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continued.....

The night was once again filled with beauty. The stars were winking at me and the moon was smiling with me.

Sitting in the warm lodge, I reluctantly took off my ski equipment. I turned where I was sitting and glanced at the hills which had freed me from my world. With a smile I strapped on my artificial leg and hobbled out to my car. Soon I would return to challenge the hills once again.

Renee Fairweather, '88



The Golden Chain

Once upon the sands of time
Two lovers played a game,
With a vow of love forever
They built a golden chain....

With a love that saw no boundaries
Nor the foe crept in unseen
Or the tarnished links
Brought on by time
And a chain no longer clean....

It seemed so quickly broken
And no longer held the strain
There on the sands of time
Lay a worthless golden chain....

With years of haunting memories
That only God and lovers know
The vow of eternal love
Would not ebb its flow....

Then came a miracle
Again two lovers played a game
There on the sands of time
Was found a priceless
Golden chain

Dawn Benthin, '88



Carrie Whitney, '88

Hello, here I am!
I know you see me.
Peek-a-boo,
There you are,
I see you.
Hide and seek.
Don't tease, you kidder.
Here I am.
Look, over here!
See?
Here I am.
There you are.
Now we're together.
Stop playing games!
Here we are,
Together.
Hopscotch and jumprope,
You're playing again.
We're still together,
Having fun.
Isn't that what it's all about?
Fun and games.

Shellie Littrel, '88

I sit here,
Thinking of you,
Of our future,
And wonder....
How will we change?
Will you really love me?
I sit and wonder,
Of us,
And life.
It's too confusing.
I don't want to know....
Not yet.
I'll enjoy today, today,
Tomorrow, tomorrow.
Not that I'm not curious,
I am.
I just can't know.
So, I'll accept that,
But....I sit here....wondering.

Shellie Littrel, '88



Lisa Nash, '88

The Little Boy and the Pebble

Little boy's hands,
tiny and precious,
wanting to touch all simple things in the world.
He knew of no danger.

The little boy stood holding in his little hands a pebble.
The pebble would not leave the boy's hands
for they felt soft and safe.
"You trust me", the little boy said, "you will be safe
and warm in my hands,
for the world is strange and unknown to me."
Since the boy told the pebble that he would protect it,
the pebble would promise him happiness.

The small, gullible boy took the pebble with him,
everywhere he went.
He would tell the pebble secrets and tell him about his
dreams.

The pebble said, "You have kept me safe and warm - I
said I'd give you happiness - wish upon me and your
dreams will come true".
The little boy's face, pink and round, grew a smile.
He whispered into his hands where the pebble was placed.
That night the little boy and the pebble went to sleep.

Quietly, the sun crept over the hills and shone in
through the windows.
The little hands of the boy clasped tightly together, as
if he were praying.

There lay the small boy - dead with the pebble in his
little hands.

Katherine Main, '88



Gwen Claeys, '89

It seemed odd to me that anyone would call upon me at such an hour of the night, but what I saw out of my parlor window was not my imagination. I really should not have been awake at all but the pending storm had kept me up to read that evening.

What I saw on my cobbled drive was a black carriage drawn by two black steeds that were only a silhouette against the forbidding sky. I saw a man dressed in a black overcoat and a black top hat descend from the carriage. His attire did not surprise me, for it was the custom of the day. I had to go to the door myself because it was the help's night off.

I noticed that the man's skin was very pale as he stepped into my front hall. He introduced himself as B. U. Bexleeb. Later, he told me that the B. U. was for Benjamin Ulysses, but for now I was intent on discovering the purpose of his visit. He informed me that he too was a collector, similar to myself. At this point, I asked to take his coat and hat but he refused, saying that he would only be a minute.

I showed Benjamin into my parlor and told him of my evening's activity because of the possible storm. Soon we were on the subject of my collection of antiques and rarities, which I understood was the purpose of his visit. One thing he told me struck me strangely. When I asked him how he chose the things to put in his collection, he answered me with a far away look, stating that it took a great deal of thought and soul searching to find the perfect items.

This statement caught me off guard and I dropped my book to the floor. He leaned to pick it up for me and his top hat fell also. To my horror it revealed two small horns on his head. I floundered backward with fear and fell into my easy chair, seeking shelter. He only smiled as I asked him why he was really here. He laughed and said, "Why, I have come to collect you!"

Ben Auliff, '88



Jesse Nagel, '90

Lonely
Sad
White walls
Unclean rooms
Bars

s
e
p
a
r
a
t
i
n
g

You
From the rest of the world.
Being treated like children when you're
actually grown up.
Is this what your dream was when you
decided to kill?

Tammy Damron, '88

Remembrance

You are but a remembrance now,
though once you were reality.
Once there was fulfillment,
now the feelings are lacking.
Once we walked hand-in-hand,
becoming one.
Now as I walk alone,
I stop to think of how it would be,
if we were still as one.
You are but a remembrance.

Nikki Carr, '89

The little boy found what his mommy used to light the long white roll of tobacco leaves. It fascinated him, the little flame that stood for warmth and safeness. But the little boy did not realize that soon it would mean danger.

He played with it for a while, finally succeeding in making the flame dance like his mommy did. But it was too bright and hot, and he dropped the threatening flame. The little boy saw the room dance like the single flame. He cried for help. The book of matches that were once in his reach were now swallowed up by the flames.

He felt someone jerk him out of the shack and he felt the cool air. He saw his mommy crying.

Later, the little boy heard his mommy talking to the tired firechief who explained the cause of the fire. She cried once more.

Kelli Hoag, '90



Pride

Walking up to the platform, I stood shivering as I waited for the train. As I waited, I noticed a strange man seat himself on a large steel bench, motioning his family to join him. His face was haggard and weather-beaten, his eyes a listless blue that shifted wearily from face to face. His clothes looked as if they had once been made of a fine material but were now threadbare. His dingy, gray coat hung in folds on his bony frame, frayed and patched in spots. His fingers were long, and he ruffled the hair of a very small boy who had clambered up into his mother's ample lap.

Beside the other three children sat three small suitcases, their multi-colored surfaces patched and very used.

The man's eyes shifted lazily to me, now aware of my interest. As if he sensed my pity, he straightened his back and lifted his jutting chin proudly.

The light rain stopped, and I smiled at him and nodded a polite greeting. My pity was vanishing to be replaced with respect. Although this man was poor and probably homeless, he had kept his pride, as if he were the richest man alive.

Tracy Kirby, '90

An Autumn Stroll

I stood silently in the dark shadows near the door. A typical autumn day calls me, pulls at me. I step outdoors to hear leaves rustling quietly and birds faintly singing in the background. There is a distinct fall taste in the crisp air. A slight chill envelops me.

The cool grass below me tickles my feet, and the beads of dew congregate on my pant legs. The clouds above me meander about the sky. Somewhere I can smell summer flowers as they cling desperately to life.

Ambling to the playground, I pause momentarily to study the children at play. Their loud and boisterous behavior reminds me of my own days as an elementary student.

I now search for human company to share this pleasant experience with me.

I wander aimlessly for a long while, reveling in the splendor of an autumn morn. As I am almost to the campus, I spot my favorite tree to the left. It's been a while, I think to myself. I slowly approach the comforting overhanging branches, and as I do so, a girl's tears sting the silence. They bring back memories for me. Many a time I had come to this spot seeking compassion, aloneness, anything to make me feel better.

I observe from a distance a young girl sobbing there. For some reason she looks familiar, yet she remains foreign to me. As she turns to face me, I am shocked by what I see. The girl is pretty, petite, with dark hair and large blue eyes. But this face is anything but strange, for I am staring at myself! Slowly I turn to retrace my steps home.

Jami Van Ryswyk, '90



Preguntas del Corazón

Al sentarte y pensar, al sonar y esperar de lo que sera,
al mirar y esperar los días mejores, dejas pasar los
días mejores.

Al sentarte junto al teléfono, nada pasa y estas sola.
Esa persona especial no llama, tu corazón se está
hundiendo, tu mente está pensando. ¿Esta enamorado o
está solamente jugando? ¿Con quién está y cual es su
nombre? Ay, si pudiera parar esas preguntas locas del
corazón.

Questions of the Heart

Do you ever sit and think, dream and hope of what will
be, watch and wait for better days, let the good ones
slip away?

Do you ever sit by the phone, nothing happens, you're
all alone? That special person doesn't call, your heart
is thinking, your mind is thinking. Does he care or is
he just playing games? Who's he with and what's her
name? Do you ever wish you could stop those crazy
questions of the heart?

Melissa Grimes, '87



Feeling the warmth of the sun,
I smile at you.
We take a walk to share a
special time alone -
talking of the past,
looking to the future.
This place we have come
to gather our thoughts.

Katherine Main, '88

A Difficult Moment

Today a strong feeling makes me write about how difficult it is to change from one place to another, without your family, and I want to tell you about my experience.

A year ago I was walking along the street in my town (Miramar-Puntarenas-Costa Rica), when someone came to me. This person was the principal of my school. He said, "Tavo, I want to know if you would like to participate in a foreign exchange program to the U.S.A." I didn't have words to tell him how excited I was. I said "Yes, I will do anything to get in this program." He said, "You just have to attend a seminary. Your grades give you the opportunity to get into the program."

Well, those days were the most exciting days in many years of my life and I still remember like yesterday the day that I got on the airplane. It was a very difficult moment because I was very happy coming to the U.S.A but at the same time I was sad because I was leaving my family for seven months.

Now the time is coming to an end and I have almost the same feeling. I want to cut my body in two pieces and leave one here and send the other one home.

Therefore, I can tell that it is a difficult moment.

Gustavo Vargas, '87

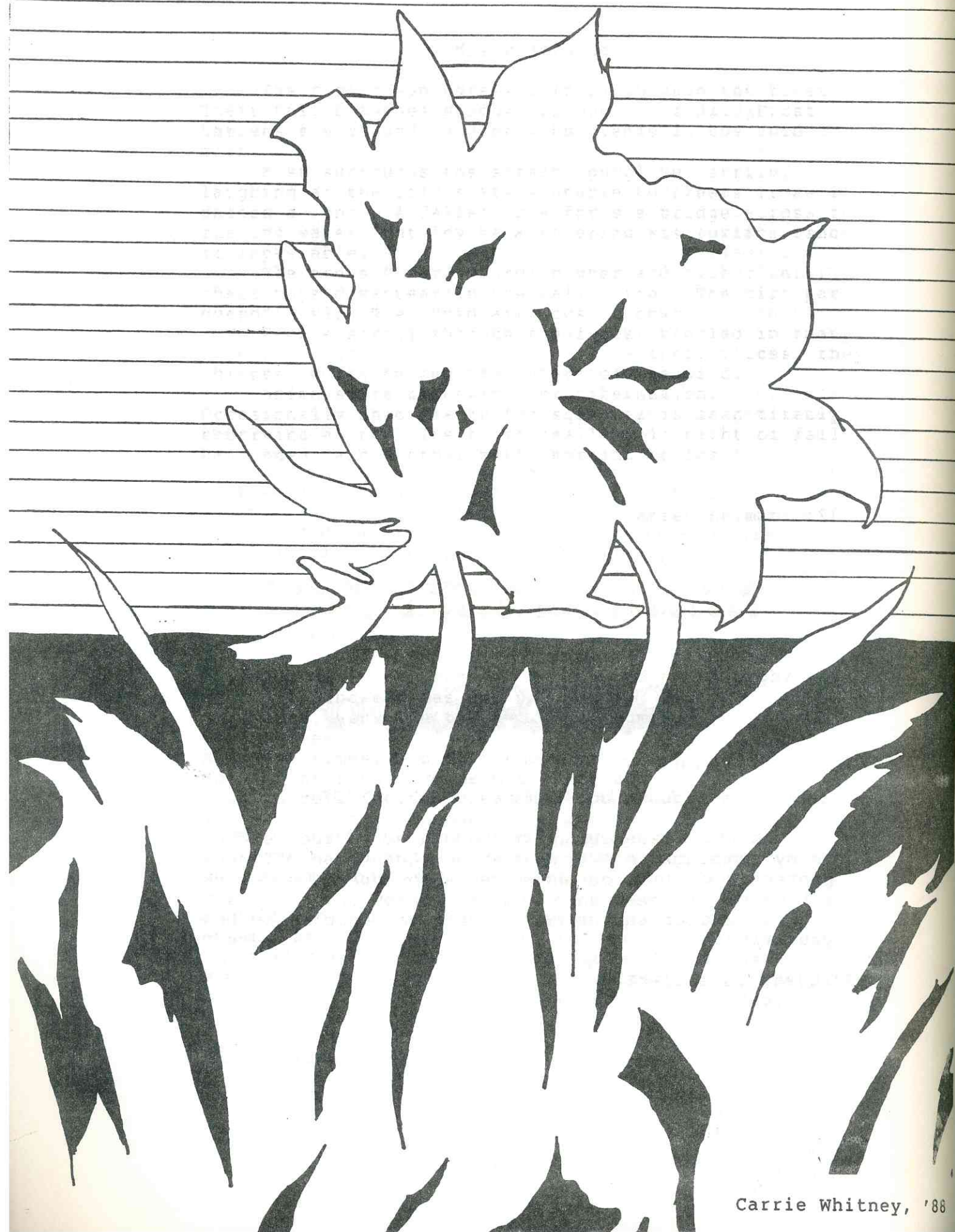


A Social Worker's Point of View

As you sat alone, afraid, shy, and hurt, I felt it in my heart to be your friend, a friend that would protect you, show you some fun times and comfort you in a time of sadness.

I felt it as a duty to stand up for you, fight for your rights and justify your actions. And as time went by, I saw you develop into a wonderful human being. And it was then I realized I had accomplished one of the greatest tasks in the world.

Tammy Damron, '88



Carrie Whitney, '86

You're a Friend to Me

I feel now I can call you friend,
And now see why it had to end.
I understand the reasons why
Our short time together had to die.
I have no regrets, I have no pain
Although I wish it could be the same.
I think we may get another shot,
But whether we do or not,
I will remember the times we've spent,
The times of fun and embarrassment.
I hope you can look back and see
Our good times, like they used to be.
I hope you can see what I mean
When I say for now, you're a friend to me.

Connie Moore, '89

Love of Lies

If there's one thing you said that stuck in my mind,
It was when you told me you hated lies.
So I never did to please you,
Just to find out later you felt you must.
In the beginning I was open with you.
I told you I knew of the bad that you do.
You said that you did, but that you had quit.
I thought you were honest.
From then on we were finished.
You hid it from me, and now I see
Our love was a lie, it was bound to die.
I wanted you back, but now I don't.
Live with your lies, for now I won't.

Connie Moore, '89

Misty Morning

The rising sun barely filters through the trees. Their tall branches shadow all beneath them. Frost hardens the ground, and breaths freeze in the cold morning air.

Mist surrounds the stream, gurgling merrily, laughing at the cold that is unable to freeze it as it dashes a long. A fallen tree forms a bridge across the rushing water, but icy bark covering its surface renders it impassable.

The trees tower upward, higher and higher until their tops disappear in the valley fog. The dirt path doesn't stir. The humid air bogs it down.

People stroll through the forest bundled in heavy layers of clothing. Afraid to raise their voices, they whisper in the hushed atmosphere of the wild.

Animals are preparing for hibernation. Occasionally an over-stuffed squirrel is seen tiredly scurrying along. The first really cold night of fall has ended, and another misty morning begins.

Janeen Heiman, '90



Do you realize how much you've helped me through?
After all those times, do you?
Of course, you didn't know I was (bummed).
No one knew.
A lot of times, I didn't know!
Just to hear your voice picked me up.
I would call feeling great and you brought me higher.
You've helped me so much!
To see your smile brought me happiness.
When I'm happy and you're happy, I'm happiest.
We smile, laugh, cheer everyone up.
Even with the worst, we try to be best.
And you brought me higher than anyone could!
Thanks!

Shellie Littrel, '88

Reading Is.....

Reading is going through a book
for secrets you're hoping to find.
It's adventure,
 horror,
 sadness,
 happiness,
imagination going wild in your mind.

Reading is chapter after chapter
of excitement,
 shock,
 sorrow,
 laughter.

So look in a book.
You'll surely hook
the imagination captured inside.

Jeff Gates, '88

Alone

The walls of the empty family house
soaked in all the children's voices and laughter.
Now it soaks in your inconsistent breathing,
and the the tick tock of the antique grandfather clock.
The motionless shadows and your reminiscence of the
children's noise haunts you.
You sit there and wonder if this house will ever be
young and hold a child's laugh again.

Kelli Hoag, '90



Scott Mueller, '90

Fragile Wings

Like a butterfly
I wish to be free
to fly alongside you
Yet some butterflies
wish to be caught
not pinned in a book for all to
look at only or placed in a glass
cage with limited freedom
but captured in spirit
touched on the wings for the barest
instant

You must'nt grasp tightly
the fragile wings and body might be
crushed never to fly on trust again

Janeen Heiman, '90

Free Spirit

The dust sticks to my pants
people turn and whisper as I walk by
Mothers hide their children
in their skirts until I pass
Rough and tough men glare
stepping aside all the same
I flirt with death walking these streets
Unjust hatred but hatred still is the cause
I need to get away from accusing faces
Seeing horses tied nearby
I leap on untying as I spun to life
Flipping loose dirt from under her feet
we fly away from city limits
and men's problems
Riding all night we rest in the desert
beneath the clear starlit sky
I plan to die here
horse at my side
away from human pettiness
My bones bleaching in the sun
after the scavengers pick them clean
My spirit free with the wind at last

Janeen Heiman, '90



Tracey McGinn, '88

Sea Reflections

Sunlit dawn,
Ripples of light,
The sun gazes down,
On this beautiful sight.
Fisherman in the harbor,
The cool breeze blows,
Life is intrigued by this glowing sight,
But soon will be covered by the foggy moonlight.

Lesley Hamilton, '90

One of my favorite things to do is play soccer. Soccer is an exciting sport because it's a different sport from when you're watching it and when you are playing it. Off the field you see all the action and roughness that is going on. While you're playing soccer you don't really notice all the action and roughness, but it's there. While on the field you play a sequence of minutes without rest and you become tired quickly. During the game many players quip at you to make you mad. If you do lose your temper and trip someone, the referee will have to arbitrate the call. Sometimes the goalie receives the most drastic punishment by taking all the shots on goal. I've seen goalies quiver before the ball was shot at them. Whenever a goalie and another player get tangled, one always comes up feeling giddy. Soccer is great if you know how to play right, because if you do you can play rough but still look good.

Chris Nevenhoven, '90

On the Pier

Even though it's summer, the cold air blowing off the ocean penetrates my wool sweater. Strolling along the wooden sidewalk, my new snakeskin shoes make a clip-clop sound that warns the seagulls I'm too close.

Boats on the bay sound their fog horns, perpetually calling and answering each other.

Noisy vendors' voices reach my ears as they tell me of their marvelous items. The pretzel vendor is most enticing to me. His machine makes a delightful smell that attracts hungry people from everywhere. The doughy, salty pretzel sticks to me teeth as I quickly devour it.

Seafood shops sell their fresh catches of putrid smelling fish that taste wonderful. The raw fish and clams just brought in from the sea sit arranged in clear glass cases for all to look at.

I head to the edge of the walk and lean on the railing. The hypnotizing icy gray waves that crash against the pillars supporting the boardwalk hold all of my attention for a while.

Suddenly, a person piloting a bright red jet ski pulls me out of my trance. Swerving perilously close to boats, he dodges in and out of waves to the delight of an audience by the railing. As he roars closer, I observe his tight, shiny black wet suit protecting him from the cold water. His dark hair stands out from his head in spikes, and his face is full of fun from his capers.

People on the pier pause to watch the semi-death defying stunts he performs on his ski.

Bouncing as the waves knock him about, he makes a sharp turn seaward. I lose sight of him for a minute, but then he reappears, racing back again at high speed. He laughs loudly and splashes waves that just miss all of us on the pier and zooms off to find another audience elsewhere.

Moving on again, I notice a group of adults seated on a cluster of weather-beaten rocks. They have a hard time enjoying a picnic lunch from a brown wicker basket, until a few of them consent and share with the pudgy birds that beg on the outskirts.

Further along the water's edge more vendors pedal their wares. I stop to examine some shining golden jewelry that sparkles when I try it on. Another salesman shows me his multi-colored sweatshirts that advertise Sausalito in all its glory. I leave him explaining to a teenage girl why his shirts are the best in town.

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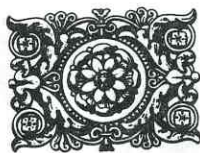
continued.....

Multitudes of birds are gathering in front of me, busily pecking at the crumbs a glowing little toddler tosses to them. Not wanting to spoil her fun, I walk around the flock.

A giggling group of children suddenly dash by followed by their father. Toting a huge camera, he yells at them to please smile for a picture or two.

Laughing at them as I round a corner, I see before me the Golden Gate Bridge. Standing on a rock to get a better view, I ponder about how many people think nothing of this spectacular work of art, and how many other people see it as the "Shining Gateway to Freedom" and a new life.

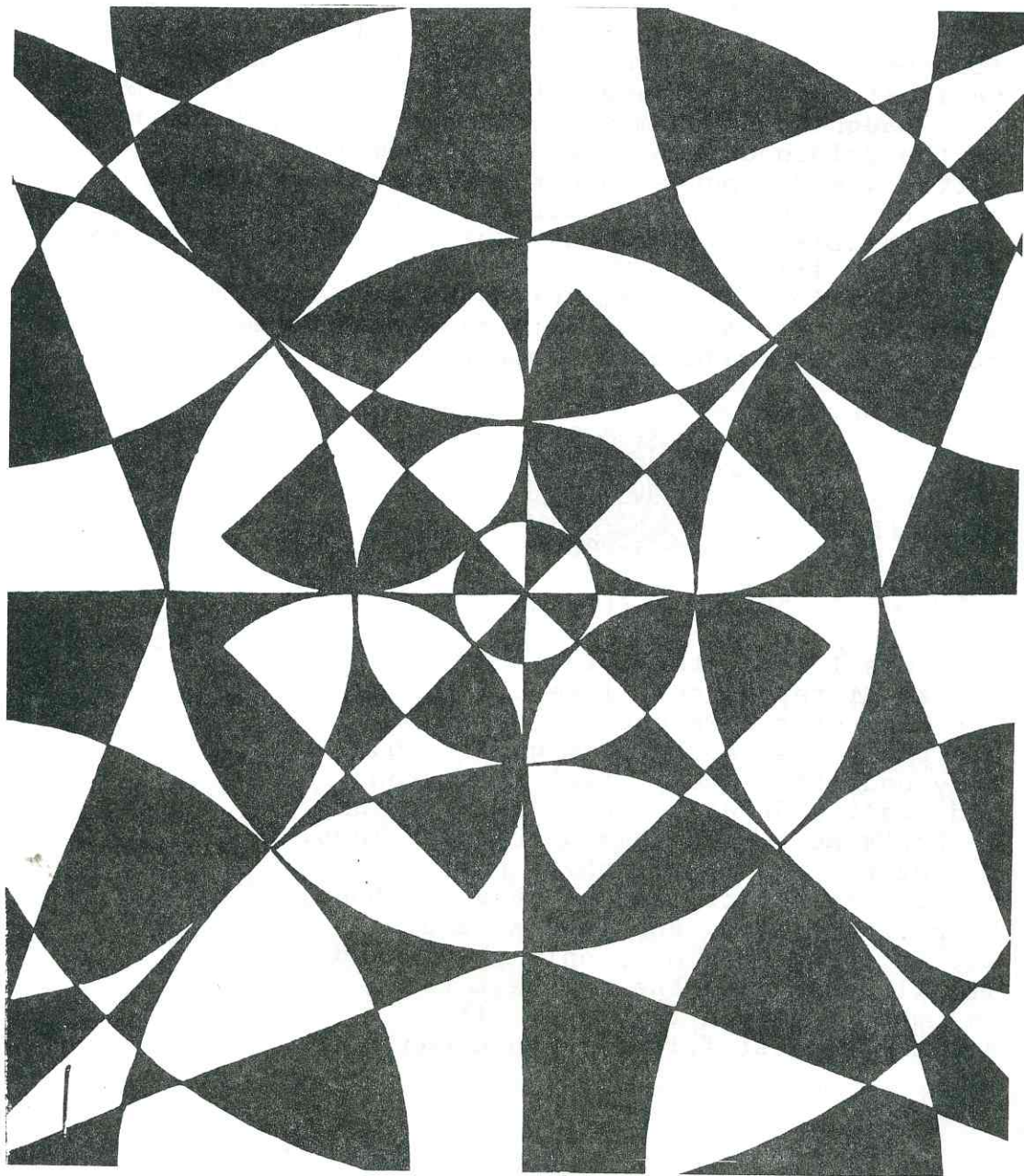
As I look at it spanning the bay, its top crested with fog, I'm suddenly very glad some ingenious person took time to build this monument.



"Being a Friend"

The ones I love, the things they do,
Are so different now, like old to new.
The kind of fun we used to have,
Has changed so much, from good to bad.
They understand how I feel it's wrong,
And can't understand why I am so strong.
It hurts me to see them do these things.
I want to take in all their pain,
To give my advice, and be here for them,
Be a true friend, and lend a hand,
Not force my opinions, only when asked.
It all seems like the smallest task,
For what I get in return for it,
Are the closest friends anyone could ask....

Connie Moore, '89



Clint Balser, '87

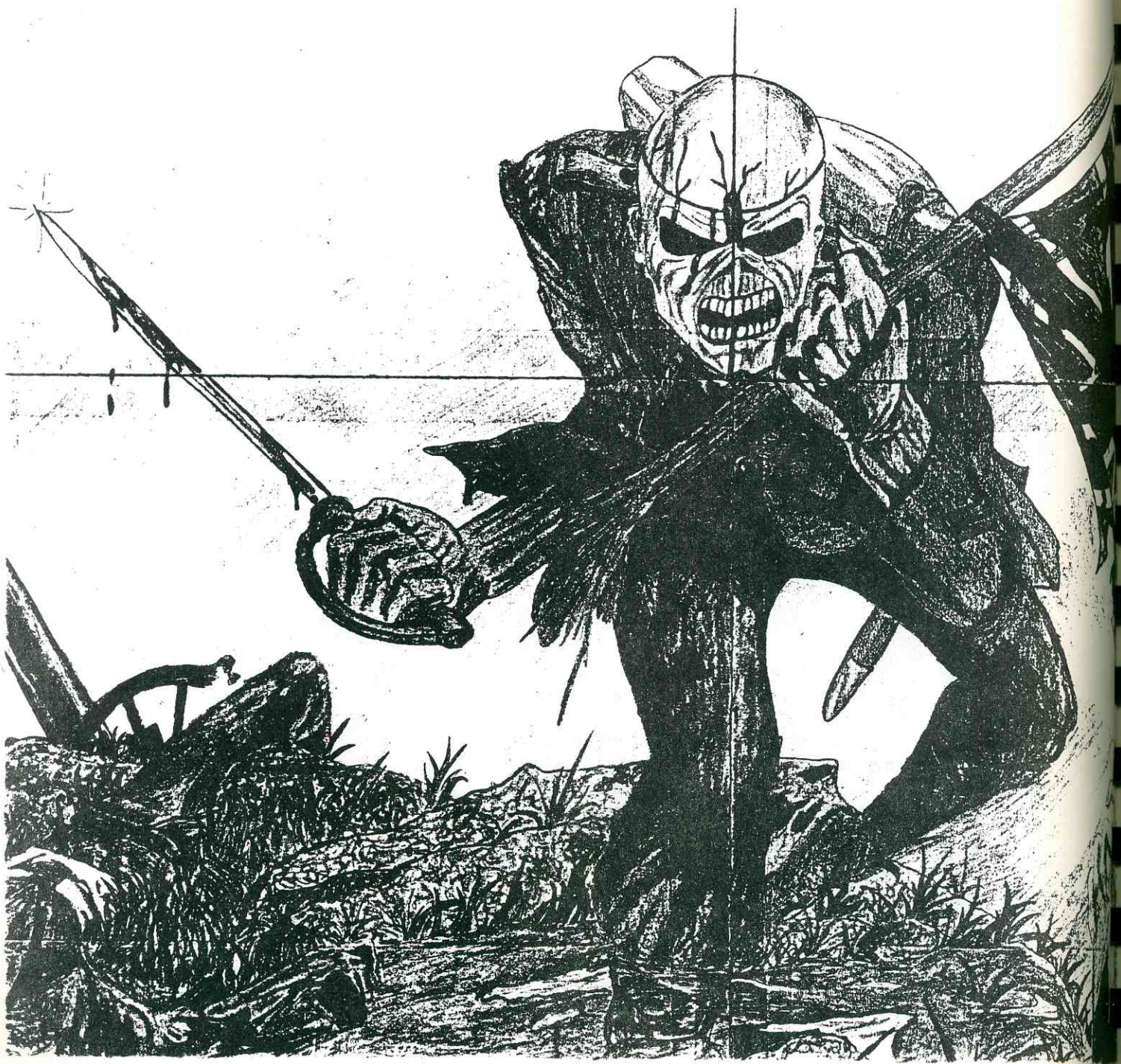
The Mirror

Something that sees us
Through good and through bad
Sometimes the image is happy
Though sometimes it is sad.
It changes as we do
Each time we move
Each image it gives us
Has something to prove.
It gives us a picture
Of who we are
It shows us our future
But not very far.
Each one is different
The images we see
It shows me a picture
Of how you see me.
Each look we steal from it
Puts on a new face
Each time we look
In a different place.

Jeni Byer, '88

I'm sitting here,
by the phone, waiting
for the ring.
Listening to the radio,
sad songs are all they sing.
If we could have
just one more night together,
I know we could
make it last forever.
Just remember
if you change your mind.
I will be here until
the end of time.....

Dawn Burmeister, '90



Glenn Haack, '18

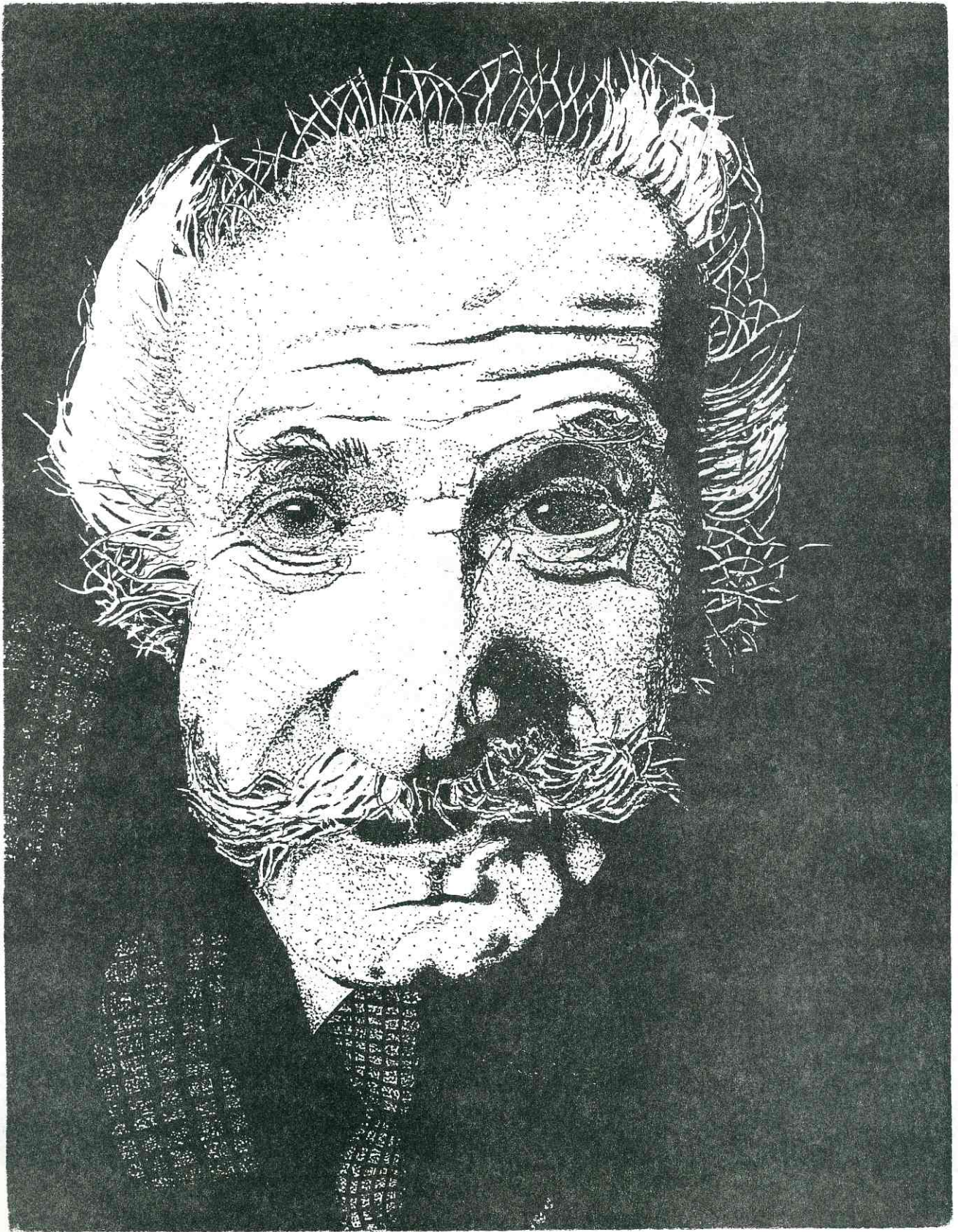
Reflections of You

As I look out to the sea
I reflect on the memories of you and me.
Infinitely thinking of the fun we've shared,
I stop and realize how much I once cared.
As I sit listening to the waves crash against the coral reef,
I see flashbacks of us together, but only for a brief.
I'm still trying and trying to figure out what went wrong,
But it's hard to concentrate when I hear our special song.
Each second goes on and I find it hard to say
That I'm still the same person day after day.
But for now I must go on and try to forget
How much my feelings for you are now nothing meant.

Denise Hendrych, '88

Look to the west,
Look to the east
In the dust
Smell the breath of hell.
The knife is sharp.
The blood it flows.
The King is dead,
The Queen is sick.
The world is old,
The country new.
The people die
At the hands of hell.
Dreams they shatter
Broken glass,
Cut your hand.
Tears of pain,
Fear of life.
But in the end
Always darkness.

Robert McBride, '87



John Sailor, '90

Lonely Children

Think of all the lonely children.
The world to them is filled
 With misery.
They mean no harm.
They ask for no food.
They ask for no clothes.
They ask for nothing.
Their weary eyes are dying.
There is no life found within them.
Think of all the lonely
 Children in the world.

Katherine Main, '88

What is a Friend?

A friend is someone who cares,
Someone to count on when things are bad.
They're there when you need them,
Through thick and thin.
They help you through those troubled men.
When things change and they don't care,
It's hard to hide the pain you bear.
They've abandoned you and turned their backs,
On the friendship that they used to pack.
I want it how it used to be,
The sharing, caring given to me.
So friend, dear friend, I need to know,
Why you want to let it go?

Melissa Grimes, '87

The Writer

Hands, rough and dry
 I pick up a pen
 Again I start
A short story I shall write

Katherine Main, '88

Why are you, you?
Why am I, me?
Why are we, Us?
We are one,
Yet we are two.
But who is who?
How come I care?
You let me.
Why do you care?
I don't know.
What will I do
 without you?
What will you do
 without me?
I don't know.
Tell me.
I'd like to know.
Please tell me.
I love you!
Too much....
So much,
I do.

Shellie Littrel, '88

My Dying Friend

Why are you dying?
I do not know.
Do you hurt, my friend?
Yes, I hurt.
Are you afraid?
Yes, I'm very afraid.
I am sad.
Do not be sad.
Before you go I want to tell you
 That I love you.
I love you too. Now I must go.
 He turns away.
Goodbye, my friend.

Katherine Main, '88



The Dream

Bestina was so lonely.
Misunderstood was she,
But determined.
She was a strong girl.
Bestina would not follow, but lead.
Life for her was not something precious;
It was dark and sad.
Pain was set deeply in her wounds.
Tears salted - streamed down
Her soft pink skin.
She sat in a dark, warm room - crying,
Because she feared
Reality.

Katherine Main, '88

You and I

Fate brought us together, that I can see.
You and I together, our destiny.
Two different people, yet so much alike.
We share the good times and bad
That come up in life.
Life seems to be a merry-go-round,
Yet we stick together, side by side.
Knowing that we will be there for each other
For the rest of time.

Becky Herrington, '88



Nature

Nature's creeping through me,
animals, flowers and trees.
They all are standing by me
in the deep dark forest.
They keep their posted eyes
on me for they fear me
in their land,
Since they'll always,
always know,
Where the human race will stand.

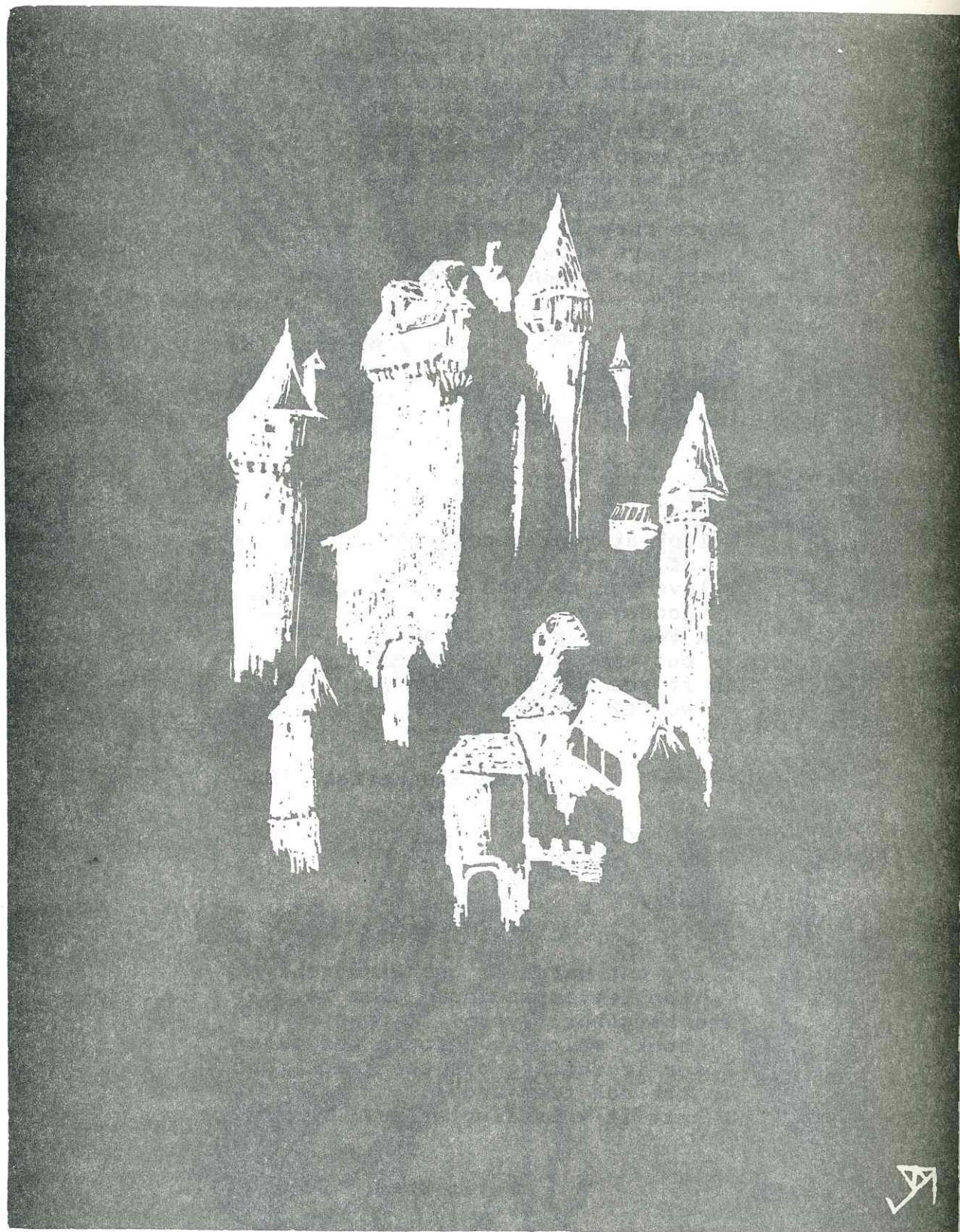
Tammy Damron, '88

I look at you through the corner
of my eye.
I love you so much I can't say
goodbye.
You tell me you love me
but then you don't.
Is it you can't or that you
won't?

Karen Brotherton, '88

I lay out watching the wind rake
the leaves and dump them in
The neighbor's yard. I read my
book, whipping through the pages.
I see it cutting off the dead limb
on the oak tree and
I hear it whistling at me.

Kelli Hoag, '90



Steve Madden, '88

Standing In The Dark of Night

The night is calm, no trees are moving in the wind.
I stand here alone in my dress, waiting for you.
I find it very fascinating to watch the clouds
moving away from the moon.

The moonlit sky shines down on me. The snow just
turned into a million diamonds, glistening in the light.
The moon fades and the diamonds are gone.
A breeze passes by.

I can feel my hair move and my dress sweep across
my legs.

I look down at my watch and my eyes search through
the darkness, looking for you again. Tick, tick, time
is passing away. It's almost time for the sun to rise
above the horizon.

I close my eyes feeling in my heart the fear that
you won't show and we will never be together again.

Then I hear the snow crackling in the distance.

My eyes fly open and my heart is beating fast.

Is it really you?

You, the man I love, coming back for me?

I can see your smile and your arms reaching out for
me.

The stars are fading and the sun is coming up!

I take your hand and you put your arms around me.

They are so warm and feel so safe.

Our lips touch gently and I hope this feeling lasts
forever.

Are we really back together?

You take my hand and we walk through the snow, hand
in hand, over the horizon.

Dawn is here, the colors shadow your face.

I wake up! You're gone! Was it just a dream?

My heart feels broken. Then I look down at my
hand, and your ring is back on my finger.

I know it will stay this time.....forever.

Dawn Burmeister, '90



Dan Hyer, '87

I hunt pheasants.
I have always hunted pheasants.
Some I get, some get away.

As I stalk through the bushes,
I watch the dogs, the sky,
And the bushes themselves.
At times I watch them fly from the bushes
Like an executioner.
I feel I am a good hunter.
And I realize being a good hunter
Means bagging whatever the season offers,
And then begin again into the new season,
Not forgetting any lesson learned
And knowing that a new season
Is just a chance to begin again.

I am a hunter, not unlike my father.
I hunt pheasants.
Some I get, some get away.

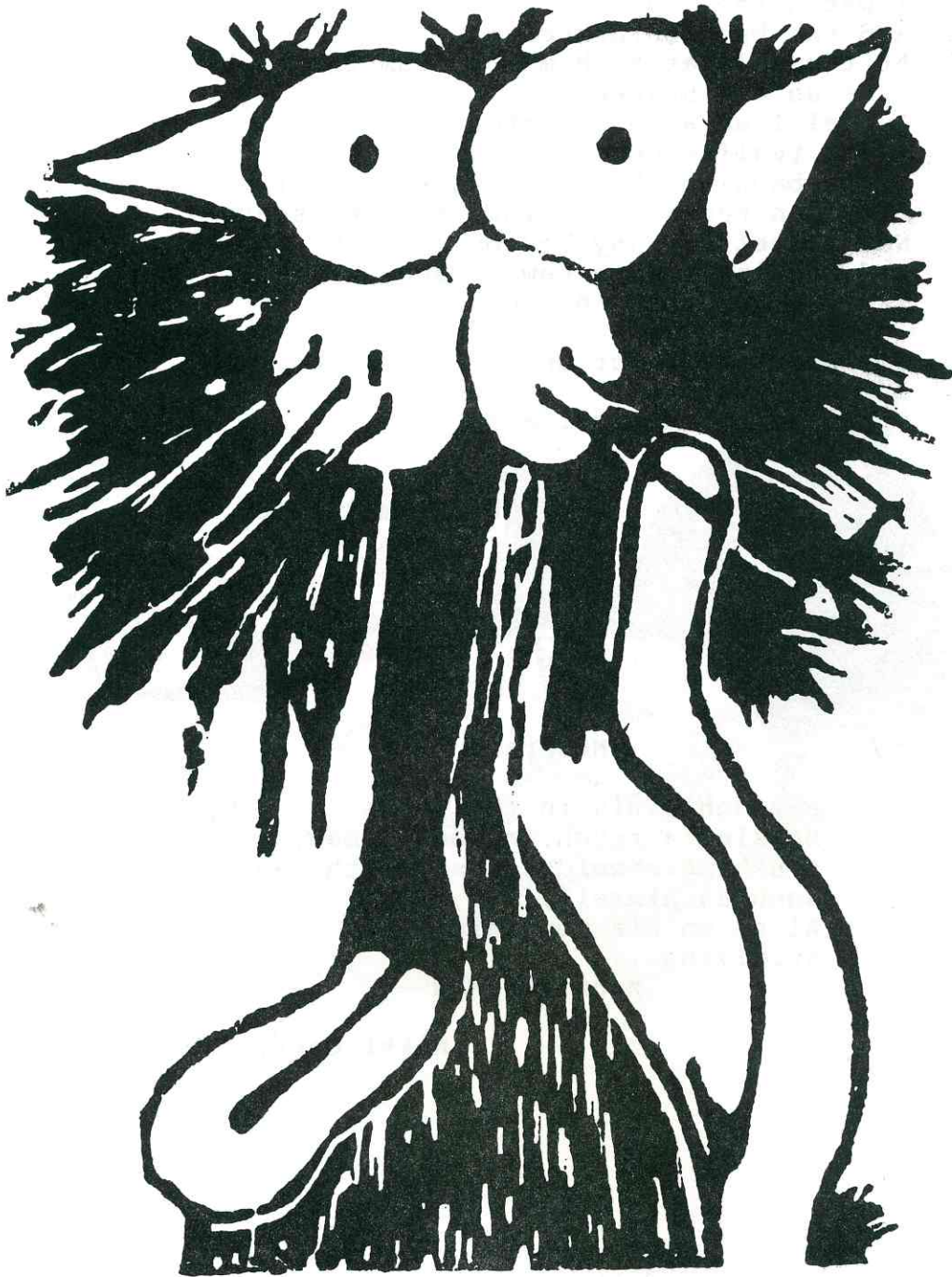
Deon Smith, '88

Mountain Man

A rough cabin in the woods
Housing a rough, rawboned man,
Brushing shoulders only with men
Such as himself,
Alone on his mountain top,
Surviving...

Mountain Man

Nikki Carr, '89



Connie Moore, '89

The Cows

Hear the moos from the cows -
Big Cows!
Eating grass and roaming fields,
How they moo, moo, moo,
In the noonday sun!
While the farmers overlook
All the cows in the brook,
The farmers chatter with delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of mooing rhyme,
To the sounding of the hoofs
From the cows, cows, cows, cows
Cows, cows, cows -
From the running and mooing of
The cows.

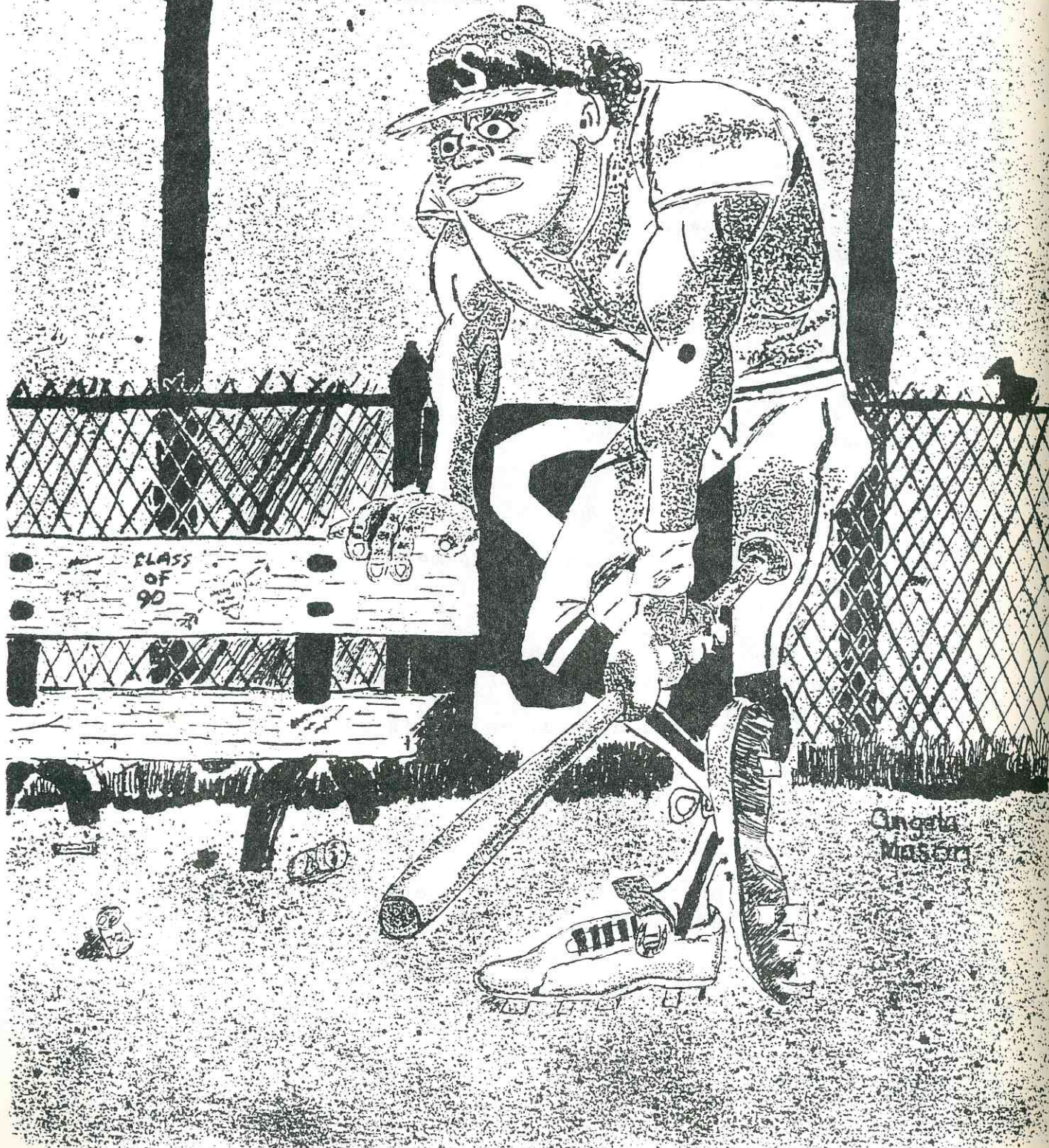
Tricia Sebolt, '88

The Sunrise

As the rising sun forces me out of
bed,
I look out my window to see
brilliant colors.
Then a ball of light appears.
I am now awake and aware of the beautiful
morning.
The light creeps upward, and fills my
room,
And the last star gets lost in the
light.
I take one more look out my window,
and I see the birds and rabbits
looking,
Looking toward the east, watching a
new day appear out of nowhere.

Kelli Hoag, '90

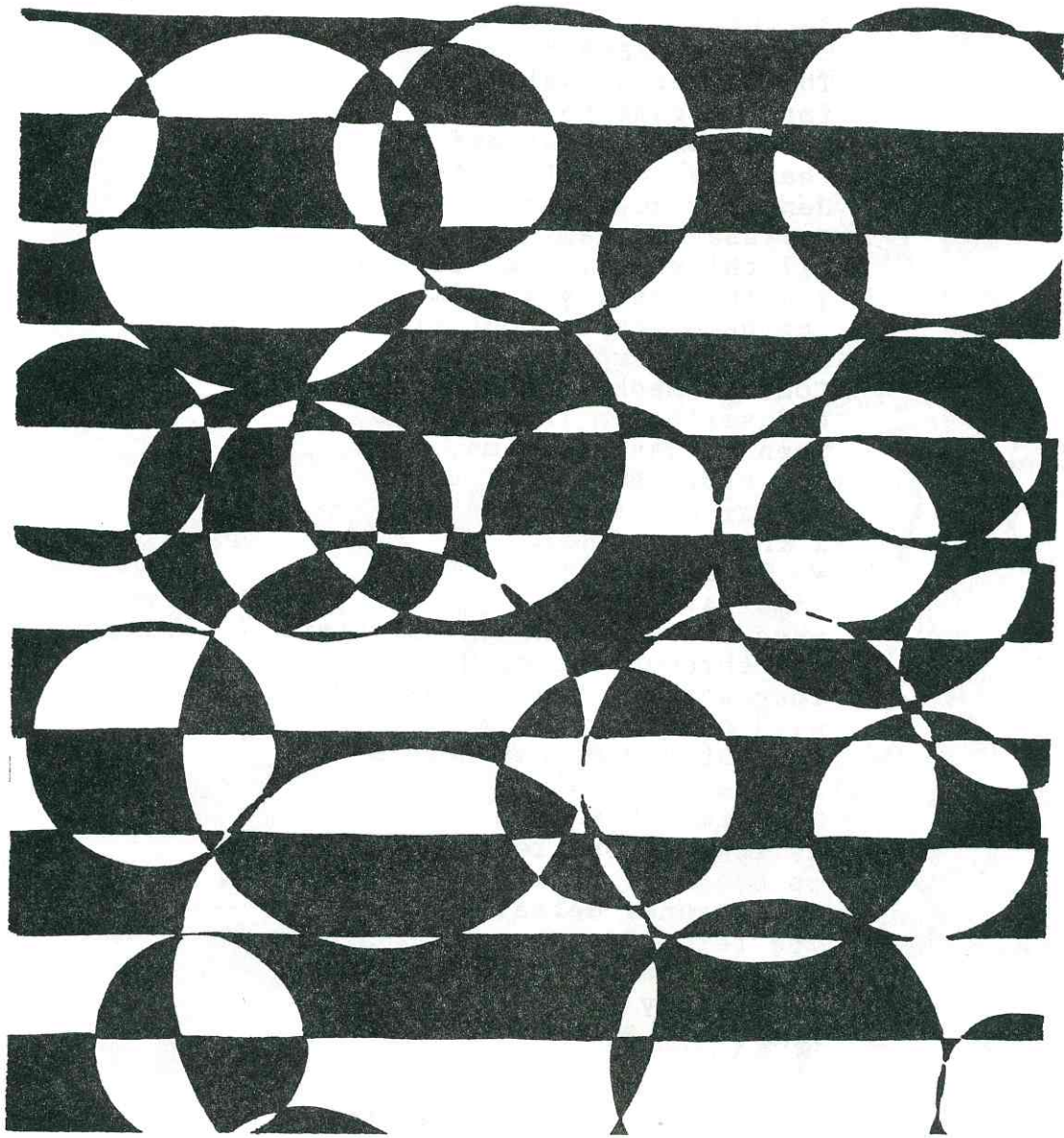
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| <p>VISITOR HOME</p> | | <p>Zappin Zoff Cola Co.</p> | | <p>Marvelous Mason's</p> |



Feelings of State Bound Lady Lancer Fans....

Only one more game
before we're state bound,
I think the SPIRIT is
spreading around.
The resounding buzzer
fills the gym with sound
as the Lady Lancer Fans
COULD be state bound.
The buzzer signaled
for the game to begin.
We've just gotta' get
that one special win!
Jenny, Tracy, Jamie,
Melissa and Pam,
all thinking...I'm starting,
I'm the best, yes I am.
The game started out slow,
but picked up its pace.
Coaches Menke and Denner
had smiles on their faces.
Then it was halftime,
the crowd felt real good.
As far as state goes,
I think we COULD.
We were ready to put this
game far behind,
when the mere thought of state
ran through our mind.
They scored, then we scored
with not long to go.
Tonight's game has been a
Spectacular show!!
The timer hit ZERO -
We rose to our feet,
as one more team must
face Lancer defeat.
The resounding buzzer
filled the gym with sound,
as we Lady Lancer Fans....
ARE STATE BOUND!!!!

Angie Case, '90



Darin Smith, '88

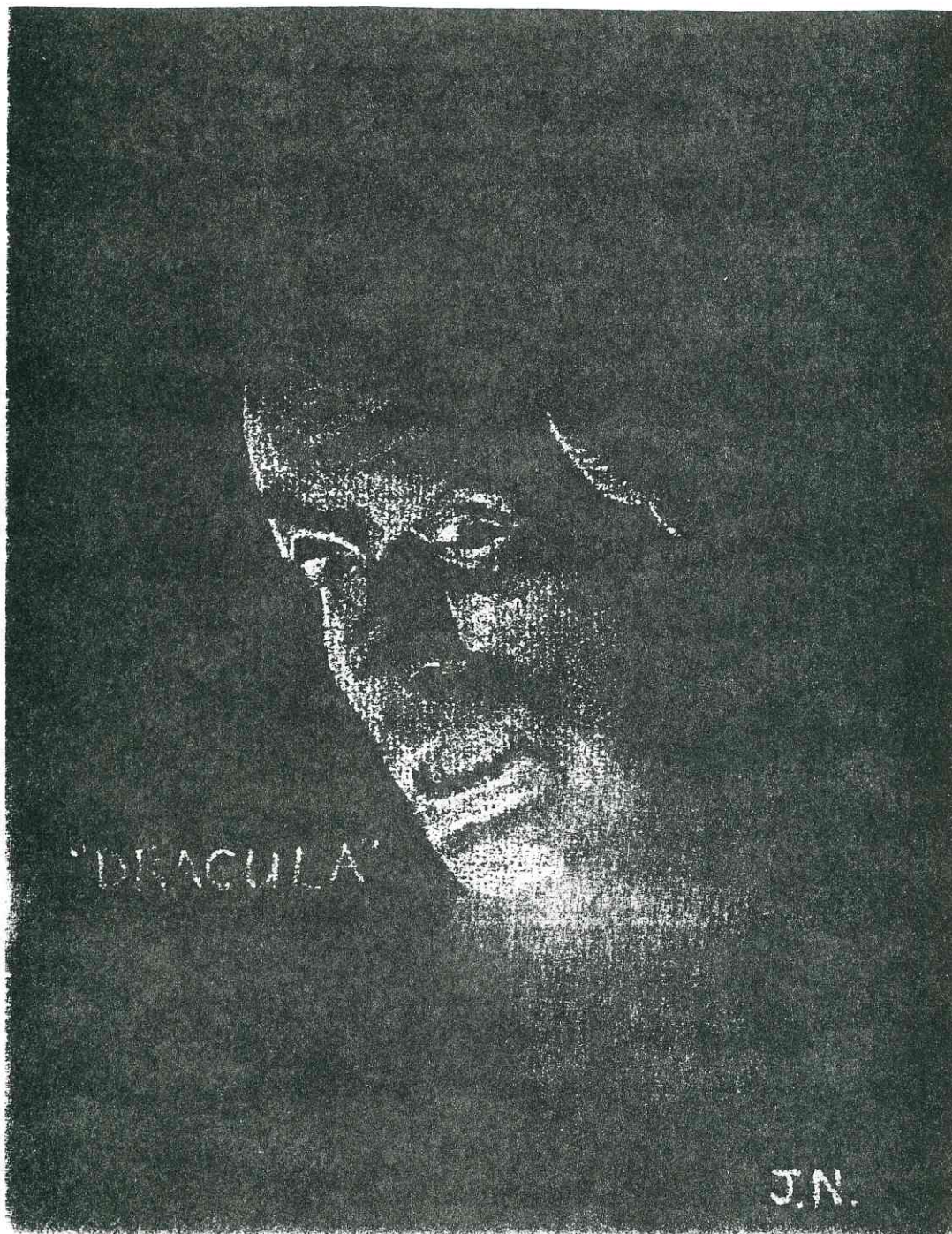
Finally You Know

The hurt it never leaves the mind,
when you love someone and then it dies.
It stays for keeps within the soul.
It never disappears, it just grows old.
The way I feel, my feelings for you,
I was scared at the thought that they had grew.
Not knowing the answer or what to do,
I let you go, you never knew
the way I felt inside for real.
You finally know just how I feel.
The secret is ours, between just us,
of how I can say that I love you best....

Connie Moore, '89

Late at night, can't sleep
Sitting here, writing
I don't want to,
I have to sleep
I can't.
Thinking hard
About different things
Different people
From all over
I can't sleep
I wish my brain would shut off
I don't want to think
I need sleep
Anywhere, but here
That's where I want to be
I've been all over
Not quite, but I will
So, I'm still here for now.
I wish I could sleep
How can I love so many people
All at the same time?
I'd like to see them now
So, why can't I sleep?
I just can't.

Shellie Littrel, '88



Jesse Nagel, '90

Trapped inside another person's body, there was no way for Caroline to escape. A smile grew long and wide as she sat in the pouring rain and watched it fall upon the streets. She laughed and laughed until he started to cry and scream with rage.

"Caroline, Caroline," screamed the women in white. "Caroline get up, you will get sick sitting in the rain!" She grabbed Caroline by the forearm and dragged her towards the dull, faceless house.

Caroline began to yelp as if it were a game. "Rain, rain, rain," she sang. She started to twist and turn knowing that the game was over, pretending became reality.

Caroline was dragged into the house wet and unruffled. Then she fell to the ground sobbing.

"Quit acting like a baby, Caroline, get up," the women in white raved.

All the other children gathered around, some quivering, some screeching, some boasting on and on about nothing.

Soon other older people came into the room, all with great authority.

"It looks like Caroline needs a little medicine," one said.

"We'll have to carry her to the sleeping chamber," another remarked.

Caroline began to squirm even more, grasping and reaching for anything or anyone. She was so helpless, so dumb. She knew in this life she couldn't control her thoughts or her body.

Several older people grabbed her by her wrists and ankles. They quickly dragged her down a long, dimly lit hallway, until they came to a white square room with one window.

They tossed Caroline on to the bed and strapped her down leaving her helpless. Shining a light upon her face, they gathered around and began their work.

Long, wet tears streamed down Caroline's face, for she knew she was weak.

Caroline kept thinking of the rain. "So light and colorful, pretty colors. Rain makes me so happy," she thought to herself. Her eyes remained looking out the window. She thought about the rain again. "I want to be rain, I want to be beautiful and happy."

Her eyes grew heavy. They closed tightly.

There she laid in the white, square room, nothing of her own but the rain falling from the sky, splashing against the window.



Tracy Schneckloth, '89



Diez Dias en México - Primera parte - Oaxaca

México, México, rah rah rah! Este verano pasado veinte y seis estudiantes con sus profesoras y sus familias fueron a México por diez días. Fueron diez días divertición para todos.

Primero, el grupo visitó la ciudad de Oaxaca por cuatro días. Una tarde habíamos viajado por diversión por siete horas. Estaba muy cansada cuando terminamos.

Mientras estábamos en Oaxaca, encontré a dos chicas simpáticas. Se llaman Gloria y Claudia. A nosotros nos invitaron a su graduación y a la fiesta de graduación el sábado. Pero nuestro grupo tuvo que salir la próxima mañana. Angela, Kristina, y yo estábamos enojadas. Queríamos ir muchísimo.

En Oaxaca, Angela, Kristina, y yo compartimos una habitación. La cama estaba en cemento. No era muy agradable, pero sobrevivimos. Al principio lo que parecía cuatro días largos, se pasaban pronto. Habíamos divertido mucho en Oaxaca.



Ten Days in Mexico - Part One - Oaxaca

Mexico, Mexico, rah rah rah! This past summer, twenty-six students with their teachers and their families went to Mexico for ten days.

First, the group visited the city of Oaxaca for four days. One afternoon we toured the town for seven hours. I was very tired when we were finished.

While we were in Oaxaca, I met two very nice girls. Their names were Gloria and Claudia. They invited us to their graduation and their graduation party on Saturday, but our group had to leave that morning. Angie, Kristina, and I were mad. We wanted to go very much.

In Oaxaca, Angie, Kristina, and I shared a room. The mattress was on cement. We weren't happy about it, but we survived. What had seemed like it was going to be four long days passed quickly. We had a great time in Oaxaca.

Michelle Petersen, '87



Ten Days in Mexico - Part 2 - Mexico City

Mexico City is a huge city. You are able to see the effects of the earthquake but there weren't many places that I saw that were destroyed.

Our guide's name was Helia. She was a great guide. She told us about the hummingbird. If a person gives you one, and you are a girl, boys will flock toward you. If you are a boy, the girls will come to you. The hummingbird must be dead and wrapped in red. I want one!

We were in Mexico during the World Cup (soccer). We met two guys from Germany. Their names were Rolf (Boris) and Michael. They were both good-looking and party animals. They invited us to a party for the Germans. It was fun.

We didn't party all the time while we were in Mexico City. We went to only one. We saw the National Cathedral. It is a beautiful church full of gold. I can't describe it.

We visited the pyramids of the moon and of the sun. Angie and I climbed to the top of each one! While we were climbing the pyramid of the sun, it started to rain. We were very cold.

We also saw the Shrine of Guadalupe. It was beautiful and incredible. The people have a lot of faith.

Our group had a lot of fun in Mexico City.



Diez Dias en México - La Segunda - La Ciudad de México

La ciudad de México es una ciudad muy grande. Puede ver los efectos del terremoto pero no hay muchos lugares que yo vi que se destruyeron.

Nuestra guía se llama Helia. Ella era muy buena. Ella nos dijo del parajito de hum. Si una persona se lo da a Ud. y Ud es una chica, chicos vendran a Ud. Si es Ud un chico, las chicas vendran a Ud. El parajito (Tiene que estar) muerto y es rojo. ¡Quiero uno!

Estábamos en la ciudad de México durante La Copa Mundial. Conocimos a dos hombres de Alemania. Se llaman Rolf (Boris) y Michael. Eran muy guapos y eran animales de fiesta. Nos invitaron a nosotros a la fiesta para los alemanes. Era muy divertida.

No fuimos, a fiestas todo el tiempo mientras estábamos en la ciudad de México. Fuimos a solamente una. Vimos la Catedral Nacional. Era una iglesia muy bonita con mucho oro. No la puedo describir.

Visitamos las piramides de la luna y del sol. Angela y yo subimos al cumbre de cada una! Cuando estábamos subiendo la piramide del sol, empezó a llover. Teníamos mucho frío.

Vimos tambien el santuario de Guadalupe. Era muy bonita e increíble. La gente tiene mucha fe.

Nuestro grupo se divirtió en la ciudad de México.



Ten Days In Mexico - Part Three - Acapulco

From Mexico City, our group left for Acapulco. Acapulco is to the south of Mexico City. By plane it is forty minutes from Mexico City. It is not a long trip.

Acapulco is a very beautiful city. The water in the ocean is blue-green. Our hotel was on the beach. The name of our hotel was the Copacabana. It was a large hotel and it had air-conditioning. Our hotel in Oaxaca didn't have air-conditioning.

While we were in Acapulco, Angie, Kristina, and I went "parasailing". It was a lot of fun, but we didn't have our contact lenses in our eyes. We couldn't see! Angie almost landed on a bamboo hut. We laughed!

Angie, Kris, and I went on a glass bottom boat. It was neat and we saw a lot of tropical fish. We also saw a statue of Guadalupe. I want to see it again.

That night, part of our group went to a restaurant that had animals - like birds and a lion cub. The food was good and our waiter thought that he was very funny. He stole Angie's shoes. She wasn't able to leave because she didn't have her shoes. We had a lot of fun.

Acapulco is very beautiful, and I want to go again.



Diez Días en México - La Tercera Parte - Acapulco

De la ciudad de México nuestro grupo salió para Acapulco. Acapulco está al sur de la ciudad de México. Por avion esta cuarenta minutos de la ciudad de México. No era un viaje largo.

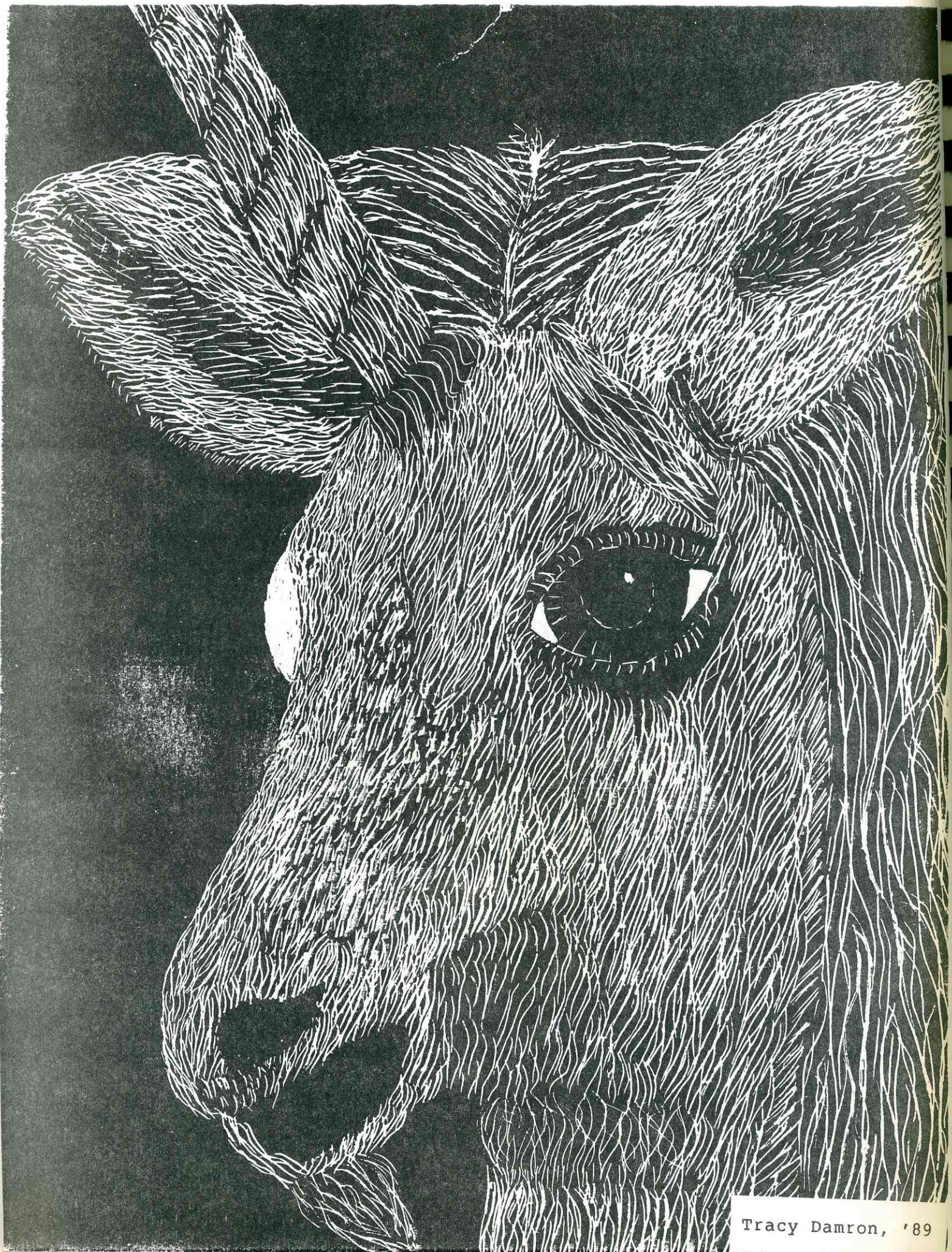
Acapulco es una ciudad muy bonita. El agua del oceano es azul-verde. Nuestro hotel estaba en la playa. El nombre del hotel era Copacabana. Era un hotel grande y tenia aire acondicionado. El hotel en Oaxaca no lo tenia.

Mientras estábamos en Acapulco, Ángela, Kristina, y yo fuimos "parasailing". Era muy divertido, pero no teníamos nuestros contactos de ojos en nuestros ojos. No veíamos! ¡Ángela casi llegó en una Chozas de bambu! Estábamos riendo.

Ángela, Kristina, y yo fuimos en una bote con un base de vidrio. Estaba muy bonito y vimos muchos peces tropicales. Vimos una estatua de Guadalupe. Quiero ver la de nuevo.

Esa noche, una parte de nuestro grupo fue a un restaurante con animales - como parajitos y un leónito. La comida estaba buena y nuestro camarero penso que estaba divirtdo. Robo los zapatos de Ángela. Ella no podía salir porque no tuvo sus zapatos. Nos divertimos mucho.

Acapulco es muy bonito y quiero ir de nuevo.



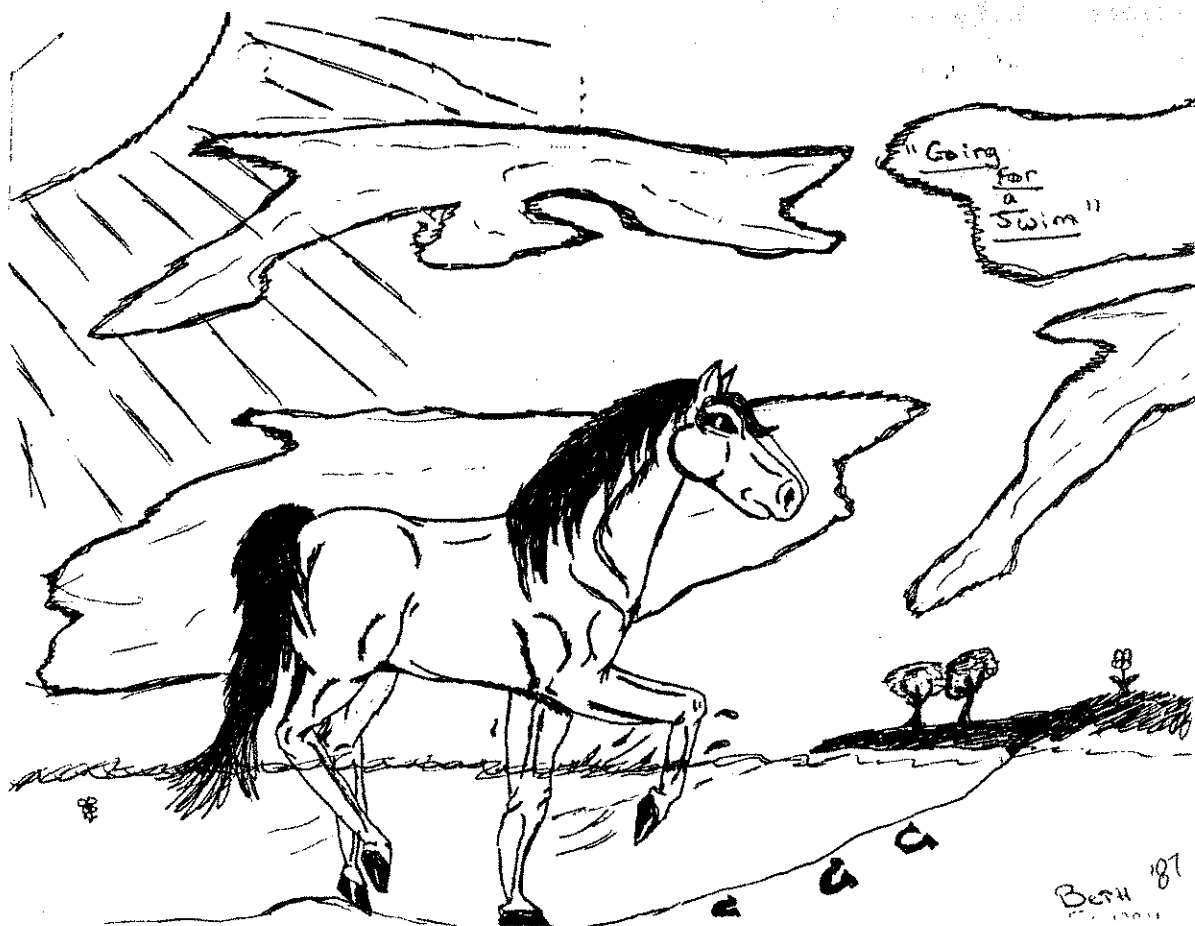
Tracy Damron, '89

Sometimes I'll be alone at night,
and an image flashes across my mind
of you,
and I'll wonder
where you are,
and how you've been,
and I'll wonder
if you remember
the time we sat near the fountain
and shared our dreams
or the time
we kissed
lying on the grass under the trees.
And a tear forms in my eye
as I smile upon the memories.
I'll feel it slide down my cheek
and drop from my chin
and that's when I sigh
and hope you felt it too.

Chris Noel, '87

Me is brown,
Brown is me.
Is me brown?
Brown me is.
Is brown me?
Me brown is.

David Schneider, '87
David Martel, '87



Beth Sawdey, '90

She stood, looking out her window, expecting to see the setting sun. Instead her attention was drawn to the park across her house. She couldn't believe her eyes; she saw the whole incident.

She rushed downstairs to get a closer look at what was happening. By the time she reached the front door, the man was running to a car parked right in front of her. He looked up and saw her, he hesitated, got in the car and raced off. She was petrified. His stare had seemed to pierce her; she felt as though she were paralyzed.

It took her a while before she noticed the small figure in the park. She slowly crossed the street and bent down. Turning the figure over, she saw it was a little girl who couldn't have been older than ten.

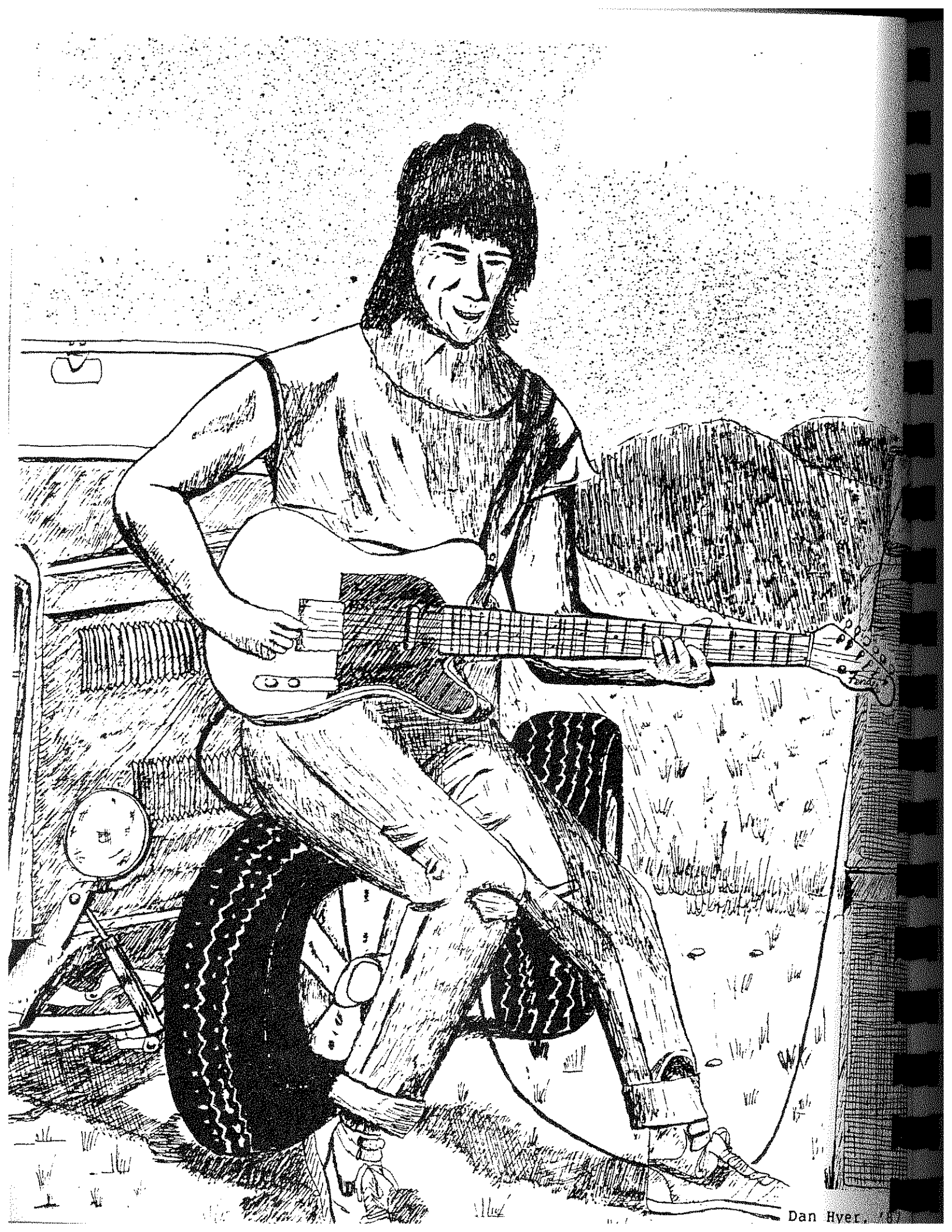
She picked up the limp little body and carried it into her house. She telephoned the police. She was asked her name and address, and in minutes two policemen were at the front door of Kate Jones.

One officer attended the little girl while the other proceeded to ask Kate questions, questions that she was afraid to answer. It wasn't the questions that scared her; it was the look in that man's eyes burning through her when she was forced to remember what she had seen.

The little girl had been beaten up, but turned out to be all right. She couldn't identify the man who had injured her, so Kate became a major part in the apprehension.

She gave a description and from that a sketch was drawn. It took a while for the police to round up some suspects, but when they had, Kate was called to come and identify the right man. It took all the courage she had just to go down to the police station. She wasn't quite sure if she wanted him to be there or not. If he was, she could make it so he couldn't ever hurt anyone again; and yet, she would also have to see his eyes again.

Sharron Wood, '87



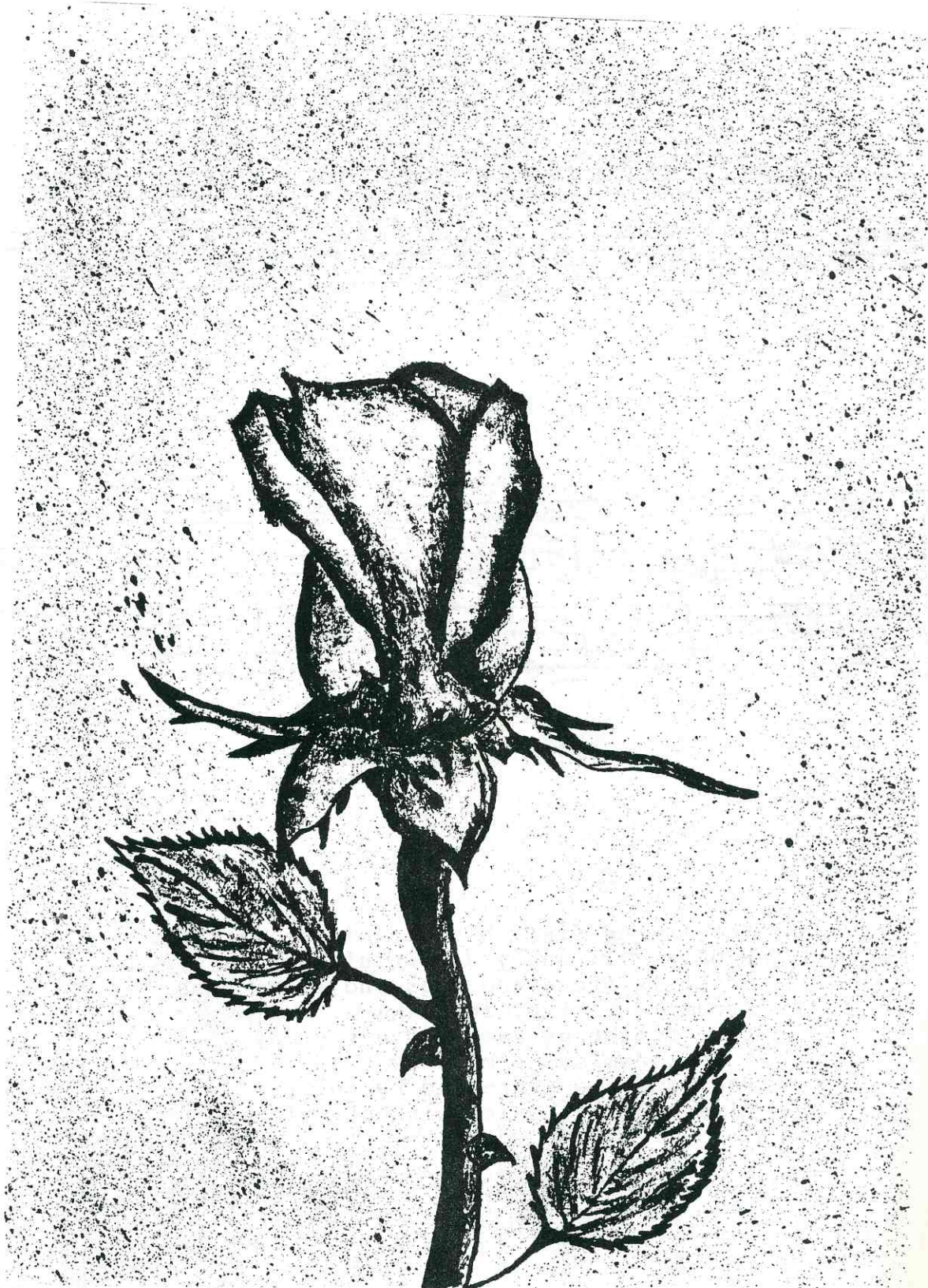
COLORS

By Andrea Christopher
sdrhr

Expressivo

Red is the fiery blunder of the earth;
Red is evil and your sinful ways.
Green is frogs and dogs and lima beans;
Green is forever and always.
Blue brightens each and every day;
Purple dominates my ways.
Feelings are expressed by colors;
Life couldn't exist without color.

Andrea Christopher, 88



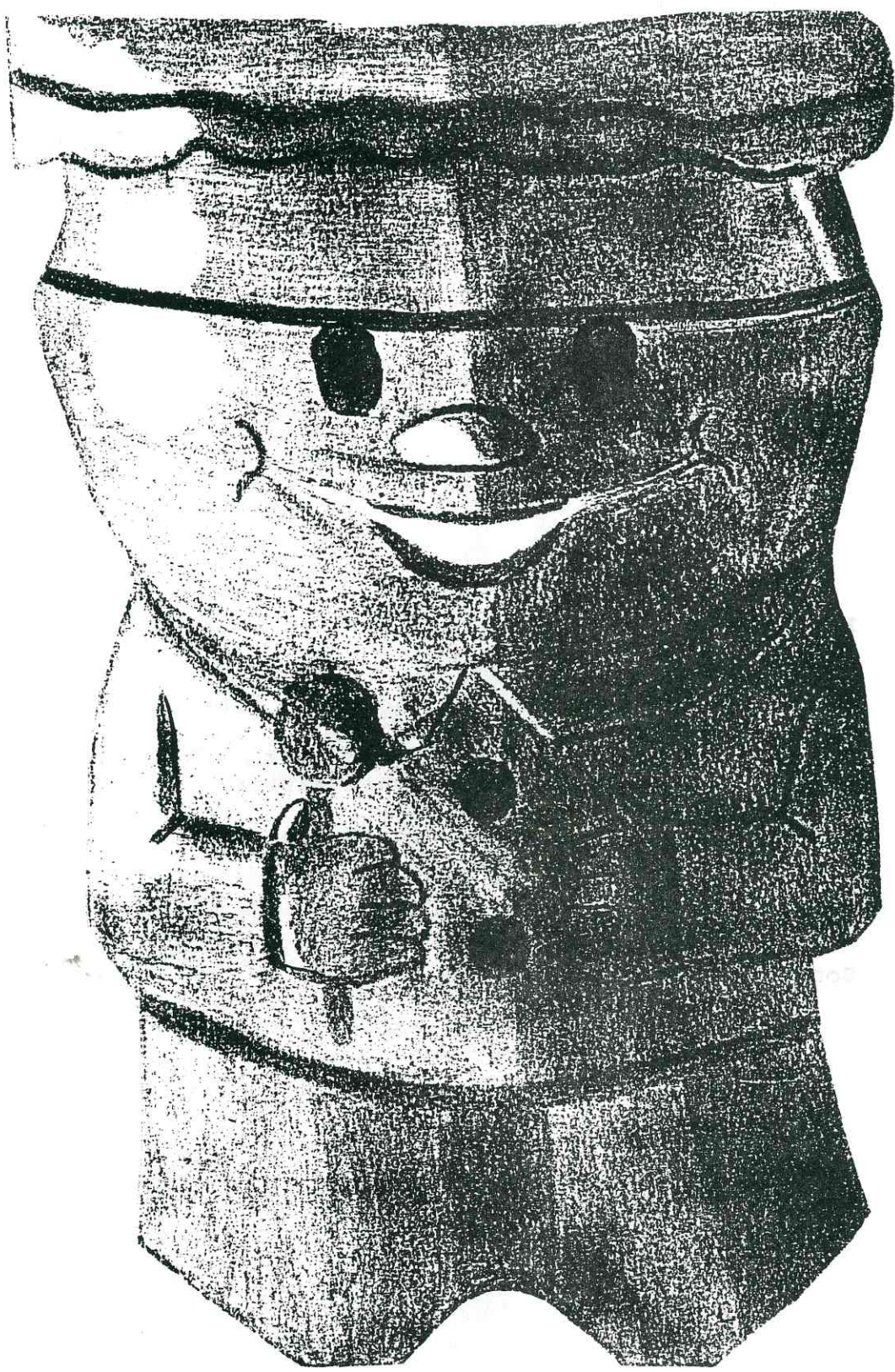
Carrie Whitney, '88

To dance
Is my life.
To love
Is my life.
If dance and love could become one,
The result would be you.
If life consisted of you holding me,
In your arms as we dance
To soft, magical music,
I would be sweetly satisfied;
For you are the music of my dance.
You are the love life my heart.
You are my life.

Karen Carstensen, '87

Is there anything left when trust is gone?
I think not.
Relationships must have trust to last.
You may think your love is enough to last
a lifetime,
But without trust, how can you go on?
If you have no trust, fights are easier,
accusations become harsh.
Suddenly, you're no longer getting along.
Life with each other becomes
harder and harder,
Eventually leaving you confused
and worn out inside.
Sooner or later you'll realize
There's nothing left.....
It didn't last.....
It never does.....

Cathy Hoeppner, '87



Robyn Dobernecker, '90

The Sea

A seagull's cry,
 A breeze's sigh,
The warm, grainy sand
 Sifts through my hand.
The salty tang spices the air
 As the waves crawl up
In a playful dare,
 Their foamy bodies roll
Up and back, rise then fall,
 With a continuous smack.
Now the pink sun sets into the sea.
 And so ends this poem and the
Day for me.

Beth Ketelaar, '90

Winter Meadow

The snow covers the ground like a white eiderdown quilt. Snowflakes fall like fragile butterflies to the bare, brown branches jutting from the tree trunks like bony fingers from a skinny hand. The silence is a calm pool where only an occasional bird call causes a ripple. The air is still and cool, its calmness washing over the deserted meadow as waves lap at the seashore. Can anything break the devastating calm?

A bounding white ball of fur in the guise of a rabbit is my answer. The skittish creature stops, sensing my enthusiastic curiosity, its fragile pink nose twitching as if surveying any danger. Satisfied of its safety, it continues on its journey, forgetting about an encounter with a human.

The pool of silence is still once more. The gentle calm of winter sleep falls again over the peaceful meadow, a magical wonderland that remains untouched by the hustle and bustle of civilization.

Tracy Kirby, '90



Jeff Lassiter, '90

Suicide

He promised he would still love me,
when I woke he was gone.
I'll fix things.
To my family, I am simply a failure,
they are filled with disappointment.
I'll fix things.
They tell me to quit drinking,
I know the damage is already done.
I'll fix things, once and for all.
Slowly I raise the gun to my temple,
I squeeze the trigger ever so gently...
Things are fixed.

Celeste Lorenz, '88

So many times
I've looked at you
And wanted to
Say that I cared.
The words just won't
Be loud enough
Although they
Should be shared.

My mind is filled
With thoughts of you.
Someday I hope my
Dreams will come true.
Us, together
Never to part,
Because if we did
It would break my heart.

I know that there is happiness
Wherever there is joy.
Why can't I find happiness
Or even just a boy?
He doesn't have to be gorgeous
Or even all that smart
Just a boy to call my own
For me would be a start.

Jeni Byer, '88



Laurie Schroeder, '90

Reflections On An October Day

Walking home one October day, late after school, I observed a group of children playing in their yard. They had formed a huge pile of autumn leaves under the swingset. I looked on with a smile as they climbed to the top of the swingset, jumped off, and landed in the pile of leaves, screaming and laughing. As I passed them, I waved and remembered my days as a young child.

Those were days spent learning how to ride a bike and coloring with fat crayons. Girls wore tennis shoes with a skirt and nobody thought it looked silly. We had parties at school on holidays and wrote letters to Santa. We wore pajamas with feet in them and slept with the closet light on. Those were days of bathroom breaks, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and learning how to whistle. We said the Pledge of Allegiance everyday and had show-and-tell once a week. Things were so simple. And then we grew up.

Suddenly things weren't so simple. We found out about terrible things like algebra and part-time jobs. We entered the complex world of salaries, taxes, bills, loans, and financial aid. Things like relationships and peer pressure played with our emotions and self esteem. Life was further complicated with speed limits, college applications, and detentions. Things weren't so simple anymore.

As I walked on my way I thought to myself, "Kids are lucky." Later I realized that kids are smart, too, because they find so much joy in the simplest things and look toward the world with innocence and trust.

Christine Noel, '87

The Sunny Afternoon

Sitting in class,
looking out the window,
I can see
the sun shining through.
I thought to myself,
what a long afternoon.

Katherine Main, '88

Love, Freedom, Happiness

Love is caring, sharing,
A relationship with two or many.

Freedom is somewhere else, distant,
Far away, independent, by yourself.

Happiness is joyful, great,
Blooming with spring, bright colors.

Tammy Damron, '88



First Love

Why is it confusing,
this feeling that I have?
Sometimes I feel so happy;
other times I feel so sad.

My heart is like a roller coaster,
going round and round.
Oh, why can't I control it,
or maybe calm it down?

My life was so much easier
before I fell in love.
But now all these emotions
please help, oh God above.

Teresa Longlett, '89

La Vida

La vida es diferente,
es difícil de entender,
es imprevisible,
y es confundida.

La vida está emocionante,
está divertida,
está remuneradora,
y está confundida.

La Vida,
es buena, o mala?
vale la pena vivir o no
es confundida?

Pues es la vida, de veras tan mala como parece?



Life

Life is different,
it's hard to understand,
it's unpredictable,
and it's confusing.

Life is exciting,
it's fun,
it's rewarding,
and it's confusing.

Life,
is it good,
or bad?
Is it worth living or not?
Is it confusing?

Well is life, really as bad as it seems?

Kristina Johnson, '87



Jason Ploog, '90

At The Seashore

In the late afternoon sunshine, a small child runs toward the ocean. Yelling for her mother to hurry up, the child drops her blue plastic bucket and red shovel. Eagerly she wades into the freezing cold water. Her golden curls frame her rosy cheeks and crystal blue eyes. Her faded, red bathing suit shows many days at the beach.

Piercing the air with a high pitched screech, a hungry seagull hovers near the child. The rumble of the ocean waves echos throughout the beach.

The child runs out of the water, leaving small footsteps soon erased by the ocean waves. She wanders over to a group of wild flowers. Their sweet smells filter the air. She picks a few for her mother.

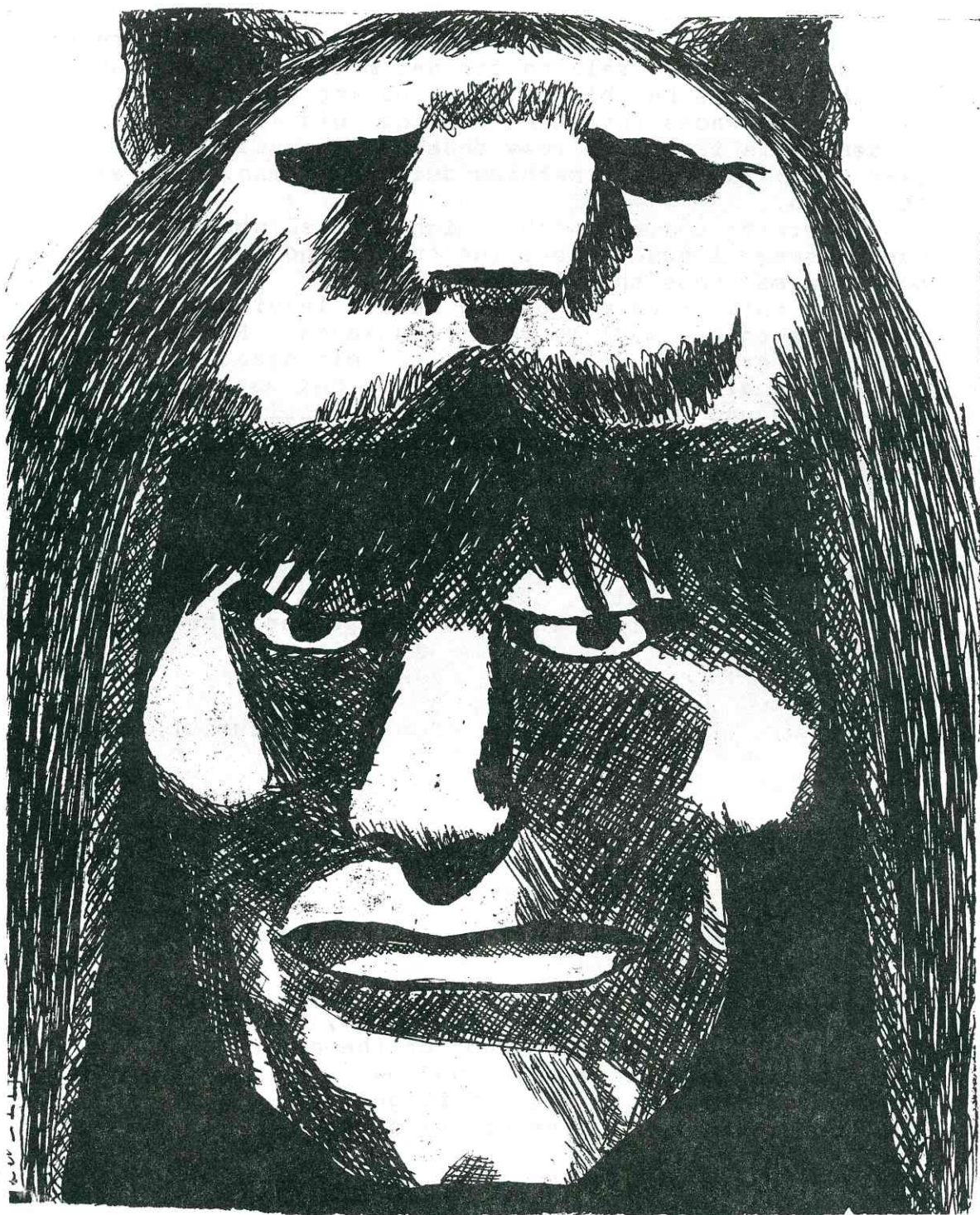
The sound of the ocean lures the girl back to the water. Dropping the flowers, she slowly walks toward the ocean. She stops and looks at the vast amount of water before her. A wave splashes onto her bare feet which sends a tingling sensation up her spine. Hypnotized by the ocean, she wades deeper into the water letting it cradle her like a baby. Ignoring her mother's frantic calls, she wades deeper into the ocean. Like a powerful force, the child slips into the ocean's grasp.

Linda Schmitt, '90

Night

The sun goes down, it's now another night.
The dark blue sky, the shining lights,
The whispering wind, the "who" of the owl,
The chirping of the newborn swallow,
The constellations so big and bright,
The hunter who won't give up the fight,
The falling stars,
The cold brisk air,
The night's aroma so clean and fair.

Tammy Damron, '88



James Eckhart, '90

Racing Under The Sun

Tires screeching
on the hot cement.
Burning rubber smells of smoke.
Down the weary road
Eighty miles we burn up...
Racing under the sun,
A dark red car made in 1952
Slowly makes its mark.
Ten blonde boys pile in.
"Race until you reach the end of the highway.
Whoever falls the fastest off the cliff
Is the winner," they say.

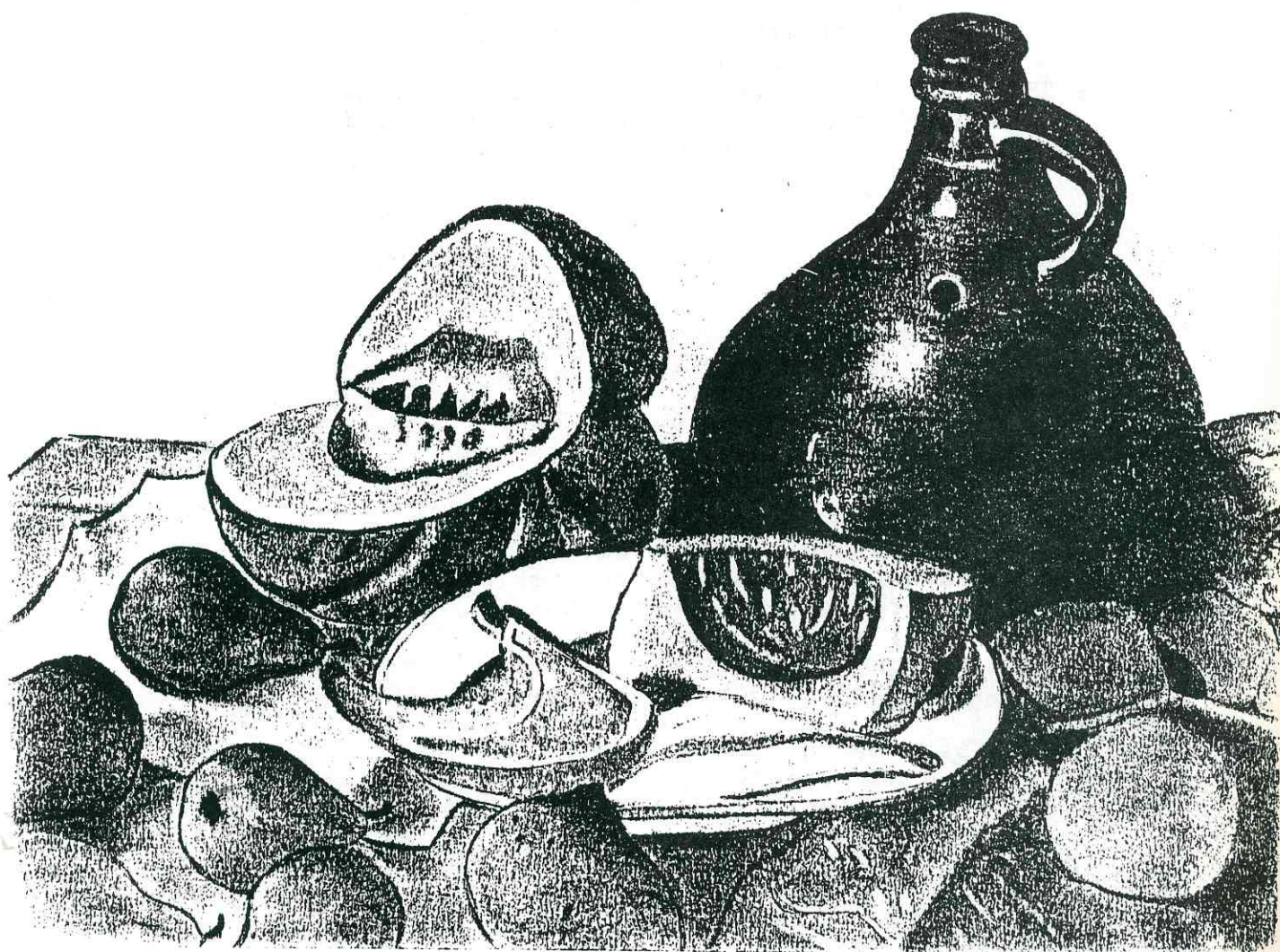
Katherine Main, '88

Life

Life is very confusing.
Parents are too protective.
Older brothers are too bossy.
Older sisters are too mean.
Younger brothers and sisters
Are spoiled and are brats!

Life is so complicated.
You don't know which way to go or
which way to turn.

Dawn Benthin, '88



Laurie Schroeder, '90

All the Wrong Reasons

Trying to hide from all the pain,
I tried to make it go away.
The course I used was close at hand.
As I tipped the bottle again and again,
I had not a worry, I had not a care,
Feeling nothing, lighter than air.
Later I woke, it was all back
The feelings of hurt, I tried to forget.
Looking ahead, I saw closed doors.
I wanted my source, more and more.
It became an obsession, my closest friend,
The kind of friendship to never end,
The kind I never need defend,
But also the kind that cannot mend....

Connie Moore, '89

Jessica

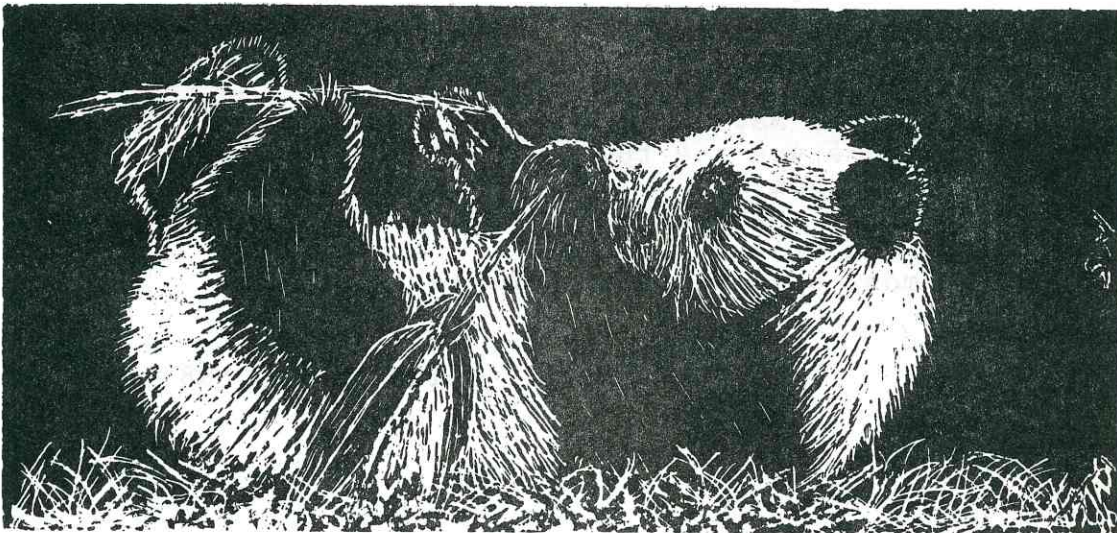
You are special in a lot of ways.
You were our Christmas present -
Our new member to love and cherish.
Some say you are spoiled or will be,
But you are just loved a lot.
You came early
But for you, early was not too soon.
It was a joy when you looked up
And smiled for the first time.
When you grasped my finger
And laughed, I felt joy.
There may be more nieces after you,
But to me you are the most special
Of them all.
Remember, when you get older,
You will always be
The most special of all the rest.

Carrie Weidenhamer, '88

Vida

It has its ups
and downs.
It makes you laugh
and cry.
It makes you smile
and frown.
It makes you happy
and sad.
It makes you feel wonderful
and terrible.
It makes you loved
and hated.
It makes you desired
and rejected.
It makes you pretty
and ugly.
It makes you interesting
and boring.
It gives you heaven
and hell.
It bears you
and kills.
It is the one and
only LIFE!

Angie Baker, '87



Stacie Wilkins, '89

Vida

Tiene lo bueno
y lo malo.
Te hace reir
y llorar.
Te hace sonreir
y gruncir el ceno.
Te hace alegre
y triste.
Te hace sentir maravilloso
y terrible.
Te hace amor
y odiar.
Te hace desear
y rechazar.
Tiene lo bonito
y lo feo.
Te hace interesar
y aburrir.
Te da cielo
e infierno.
Te lleva lo para
y lo mata.
es la una y sola vida.

Angie Baker, '87



The Shining Light

The clouds slide across the sky, while the moon
moves in and out between them.
A light is shining.
The wind screams wildly around the house; whirling
leaves begin flitting through the grass.
A light is shining.
The storm is drawing near as the rain pelts down on
the churning sea.
A light is shining.
The storm crashes down, beginning its destruction.
A light is shining.
The waves crash on the barren rocks; the sand is
lifted.
The light still shines.
As dawn breaks red-gold against a misty blue sky,
the waves cease their terrified churning, the wind
stops whistling, and.....
The light stops shining.

Nikki Carr, '89



Memories

Pain, foreshadowing my tears,
Sweeps over my soul as I remember
Our first moments,
As I relive our last.

Our time together was spent
In many wonderful ways.
I'll never forget those moments,
I've stored them away in my heart.

Someday we'll be together again,
Reliving memories and making more,
But until that day -
I'll live off the memories we've made!

Kerri Foster, '88

The moon shone bright
On a crisp winter night.
Children wrapped up tight,
Watched snowflakes fall by the campfire light.

Amy Lindle, '88



The First Snowfall

It was late November when it started. The sky was letting go of millions of snowflakes. They used the sky as a roller coaster - coasting down every which way; some having parties on parked cars, some meeting new friends on the ground, and others dancing on window panes, inviting the children to come out and play with them, while still others hitched rides on the eyebrows, eyelashes, hair and noses of people walking.

Later when the children came out to play, the snowflake gangs on the ground formed snowballs, flying through the air like birds, and slapping the children in the face. Then some helped the children make snow angels - making sure that everybody was in the right place to insure a perfect angel. The ones by the sidewalks and steps played lifeguard to protect the children when they fell.

The snowflakes had a nice winter; they even had new friends join them. But now it's getting hot. Eventually all the snowflakes will melt and evaporate. Then they can look forward to next winter!

Carie Brannam, '90



Jesse Nagel, '90

Home Sweet Home

Jimmy brought his small suitcase out from underneath the bed. Using all his strength, he lifted it onto his bed and unzipped it. He put in his football, his stuffed animals, and his favorite matchbox cars. He zipped the suitcase back up and pushed it off the bed. He walked down the stairs, dragging his luggage behind him.

He was running away from home. His mom wouldn't let him play at John's house, so he was going to leave. His mom was in the kitchen making dinner. Jimmy said to her, "I'm going to Tim's house and I'm not coming back." Tim was his cousin and Jimmy knew that they would be nice to him. His mother waved goodbye.

Jimmy stepped out the back door into the warm summer sunshine, still dragging his suitcase behind him. It was only four blocks to his cousin's house. Walking down a back street, he saw a group of kids playing tag. He walked over and joined in. He played with them for a while, and he was very proud of himself because he had only been "it" twice in the whole time he had played.

He continued walking toward Tim's. When he was only about a block away, he stopped to pet a scruffy stray dog that was sitting by the side of the road. It was a very friendly dog and he played with it for a few minutes. When he got up to keep going, the dog followed him. Finally, he arrived at his cousin's house. His aunt opened the door for him. "Your mom told me you would be coming," she said.

The dog wouldn't leave, so, since Jimmy knew his aunt wouldn't let him keep it, he tried to sneak in the door without letting the dog in. When he got inside, his aunt offered him dinner. "You must be hungry after your long walk," she said.

"What's for supper?" Jimmy asked, walking over to the table.

"Liver!" his aunt replied.

Jimmy's eyes widened. "I think I have to go home now," he told his aunt. He got up, grabbed his suitcase, and ran all the way back home, the dog still following. When he got there, he was welcomed by his parents.

"We're glad you're back!" they said.

As Jimmy and his new dog went out to play, he decided his parents weren't so bad after all; and he even got to have spaghetti for supper!

The Patient Fisherman

Faint morning winds outrace me as I look upon my surroundings. The birds let their voices flow. The pine trees exhibit their sweet smell. Waves gently churn in the lake below. The distant sun reflects off the water and blushes my skin.

Below me the waves are flowing in their rhythmic pattern and splashing against the rocks. The fish are swimming. Their smell emerges upwards towards me. I can picture the fish dipped delicately in the tasty batter.

I look around some more to see the small boats meander across the lake. One boat directly catches my eye. The little fisherman sits patiently in his boat. His pole is erect as the line dips in the water. His eyes wander while he waits for the line to jiggle. The expressions on his face show thought and wisdom. Silence from his tiny boat expresses his appreciation for fishing.

The beautiful landscape encircles the big house behind me. The enormous hills slope. Trees shine with color. Drifting boats float on the gleaming water. The sun shines. Winds combine scents. Nature, of all forms, seems to exist only here. I smell the sinful scents of the blooming flowers. They explode with vibrant colors.

As I look across the lake, the patient fisherman that had no catch is getting one now. His pole is flexed between the war of the man and fish. Pulling with all of his might, he nabs the fish. He brings the net to hold his accomplishment. His face is held proud with pride. The air is filled with glee.

I realize now how little things can make people happy. You should not take for granted these little things. The air again sweeps through me as I watch the fisherman leave.

~~~~~ Susan Dobbe, '90

Alone On The Beach

Standing on the beach  
Alone am I.  
The tide flows toward me.  
Gray and blue is the sky.  
My long, dark hair is brushing against my skin.  
Grasping my cold hands together,  
I think of nothing but the sky.  
The time is mine;  
My time alone.

Katherine Main, '88

Alone

As I sit alone among a kind of my own,  
I listen calmly, it's the sounds of night.  
Cold and weary I tremble with fright.  
As I hold my dolly tight  
I whisper to her "good night."  
As she dozes to sleep,  
I try hard not to weep,  
Remembering how mama  
Never held me tight.

Lesley Hamilton, '90





Connie Moore, '89

From the Air

From the air....  
Everything is different, smaller.  
The cars look like toys,  
The land is a patchwork quilt.  
I can see the whole city at the same time.  
It doesn't feel like I'm moving so fast,  
But the speedometer says 120.  
It is a marvelous sensation to be a bird....  
A mechanical bird.

Del Aire

Del aire....  
Todo es diferente, más pequeño  
Los coches parecen ser juguetes  
La tierra es un edredon de parches.  
Puedo mirar toda la ciudad al mismo tiempo.  
No me siento como estoy moviendo tan rapido  
Pero el velocimetro indica ciento y veinte.  
Es una sensación maravillosa ser una ave....  
Una ave mecánica.

Marni Mast, '87



A Town Lost Without Itself

A town full of pride  
is no longer taken.  
Torn away are the ideas of the people,  
for they have destroyed it.  
Beautiful and young  
this place once was.  
Its scarlet clouds  
gathered each day.  
The land was rich and dark  
replenishing food for its children.  
I see a town of people  
destroying themselves,  
laying down the ruins  
for generations to come,  
looking yonder to a future  
that is nowhere to be found.

Katherine Main, '88



Two people -  
we can talk  
in front of others  
normal conversation  
on one level  
intelligently  
but  
both minds are  
on another level  
the same level  
much higher than  
the first  
and  
on that level  
we are having a  
conversation  
only it comes  
out through  
the words  
we are  
speaking  
on the  
lower level.  
Double meanings  
secret jokes  
we both know.  
A smile  
here and there  
A look  
A laugh  
These things  
might give  
it all  
away  
but we are  
good  
actors  
and we can  
cover  
for  
our  
slips.  
Under  
currents  
of meaning  
flow.  
We  
think  
alike.

Darcey Timmerman, '90

### La Danzador

La  
Danzador  
bailó sin la  
ayuda de un  
corógrafo Usando  
solamente su imaginación  
Ella bailó a la  
derecha y a la  
izquierda siempre  
agraciada.  
Quién fue esta danzador?  
Ella es una  
llama.

### The Dancer

The  
Dancer  
danced with no help  
from a choreographer.  
Using only her imagination  
she danced to the right  
and to the left  
always with grace.  
Who is this dancer?  
She is a flame.

Kristin Johnson, '87







Mark Anderson, '89

The waves crashed time and again on the sandy beach as I lay upon my towel, soaking up the sinuous sun's rays that spilled its spring warmth over Freeport. Through tinted shades I watched the activities around me. Parasailers fledged majestically in the sky, water-skiers glided over the azure-colored ocean, people played football and frisbee and swam in the water. The tangy, salty air was filled with noise. Radios blared popular tunes, voices murmured, seagulls cried overhead. A native stopped by me to sell some pineapple and coconut. I selected a bag of chopped coconut and paid him.

Just as I sunk my teeth into the last piece of juicy, sweet fruit, a blue nerf football landed before my eyes, scattering sand everywhere.

Beth Ketelaar, '90

Dancing can be relaxing,  
By yourself, or with that  
Special person  
In the dark, dense room  
Hoping no one will cut in.  
Sweat is rolling down your face.  
Your body rubbing against others.  
There's hardly any space,  
You feel you have the smothers.

Holly White, '88

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving.  
It is a matter of living.  
The bird's in the oven,  
All full of tender lov'n.  
My stomach is growling,  
I feel like howling  
For tomorrow is Thanksgiving.

Kenton Birtell, '87





## H A P P Y   D A Y S

Cuando estaba a punto de venir a los Estados Unidos, tenía un poco de miedo por que no sabía como iba a ser mi vida aca. En Peru y en Sud America en general, pensamos que la gente de los Estados Unidos, es muy fría o antisocial.

Cuando llegue, me sentía extrana, En el aeropuerto me esperaban Don y Patricia Wiest, la familia con la que iba a estar. Yo estaba muy nerviosa, y ellos tambien. Cuando llegue a casa, Dawn nos abrió la puerta, y me choco un poco que no nos saludamos con un beso; en Peru y Sud America, las personas se saludan con un beso; yo seguía pensando que la gente aqui, era fría.

Al día siguiente fui al colegio, Dawn me presentó a sus amigas, y empecé a cambiar mi visión con respecto a las personas de aqui, sus amigas fueron muy amables conmigo, ádemas yo me sentía mas segura porque había hablado momentos antes con una profesora de Español, Sra. Volkman, y me brindó su apoyo.

Desde ese momento, mi forma de pensar con respecto a la gente de U.S.A., fue cambiando; cada vez me sentía más en confianza, y conocía mas personas.

Yo vine preparada para todo, por que aqui no hay las mismas costumbres que en Peru. Aqui la gente, especialmente las mujeres, son mas liberales, en Peru perdura un poco el machismo.

Ahora me siento triste por que estoy a una semana de regresar a Peru, y tal vez nunca mas vuelva a ver a alguno de los tantos amigos que tengo en Iowa, quiero dar las gracias a los alumnos y profesores, por que en todo momento estaban dispuestos a brindar me su apoyo y ayuda en cualquier cosa que necesite.

Nunca podre olvidar esta etapa de mi vida, fue toda una experiencia para mi, una linda experiencia, y espero que se repita.

Por mi parte, voy a hacer todo lo posible por regresar algun dia, porque aqui encuentre un hogar. Por que en Iowa tengo un papa, una mama y una hermana; y a todos solo me queda deciles:



MUCHAS GRACIAS

Su amiga de Peru

Cecilia, '87



## H A P P Y   D A Y S

Before I came to the United States, I was afraid because I didn't know how my life was going to be here. In Peru and South America, in general, we think that the people of the United States are very cold and anti-social.

When I arrived, I felt foreign. At the airport, Don and Patricia Wiest, the family with whom I was going to stay, were waiting for me. I was very nervous, as were they. When I arrived at the house, Dawn opened the door for us and it bothered me that we didn't greet each other with a kiss. In Peru and South America, the people greet each other with a kiss. Here they don't. I began thinking the people here were cold.

The following day, I went to school. Dawn introduced me to her friends, and I began to change my opinion with respect to the people here. Her friends were very friendly, besides I was feeling more sure of myself because moments before I was talking to Mrs. Volkman, a Spanish teacher who gave me her support.

From that moment, my way of thinking with respect to the people of the U.S.A., was changing. Each time I felt more confident, and I knew more people.

I came prepared for everything, because here there aren't the same customs as in Peru. Here the people, especially the women, are more liberal. In Peru there is still machoism.

Now I feel sad because in a week I am going back to Peru, and perhaps I will never return to see some of the great friends that I have in Iowa. I want to give many thanks to the students and teachers, because at every moment, they were ready to offer their support and their help whenever it was necessary.

Never can I forget this stage of my life. It was an experience for me, a beautiful experience; and I hope that it will be repeated.

For my part, I am going to do everything possible to return some day, because here I found a home. I have a father, a mother, and a sister; and all I want to tell you is:



MUCHAS GRACIAS

Your friend from Peru

Cecilia, '87



### Preguntas del Corazon

Al sentarte y pensar, al sonar y esperar de lo que sera,  
al mirar y esperar los dias mejores, dejas pasar los  
dias mejores.

Al sentarte junto al telefono, nada pasa y estas sola.  
Esa persona especial no llama, tu corazon se esta  
hundiendo, tu mente esta pensando. Esta enamorado o  
esta solamente jugando? Con quien esta y cual es su  
nombre? Ay, si pudiera parar esas preguntas locas del  
corazon.

### Questions of the Heart

Do you ever sit and think, dream and hope of what will  
be, watch and wait for better days, let the good ones  
slip away?

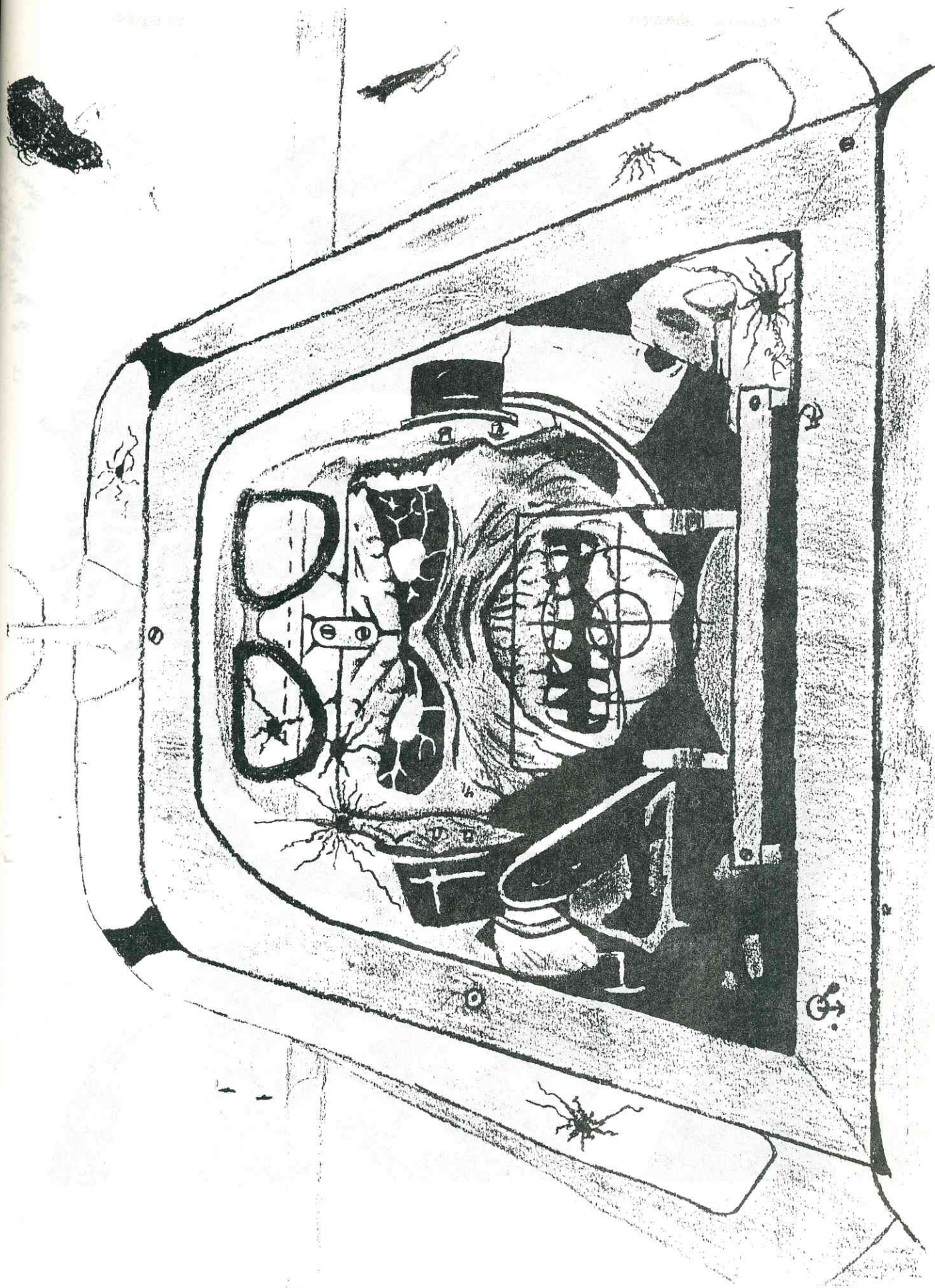
Do you ever sit by the phone, nothing happens, you're  
all alone? That special person doesn't call, your heart  
is thinking, your mind is thinking. Does he care or is  
he just playing games? Who's he with and what's her  
name? Do you ever wish you could stop those crazy  
questions of the heart?

Melissa Grimes, '87

Feeling the warmth of the sun,  
I smile at you.  
We take a walk to share a  
special time alone -  
talking of the past,  
looking to the future.  
This place we have come  
to gather our thoughts.

Katherine Main, '88









Laurie Cawiezell, '87